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THE CATHOLIC POSITION—A REPLY Rev. J. C. Murray, S.J.

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by Serge Fliegers
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SEPTEMBER 1949

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The American Mercury for October

will contain, among other things

WINSTON CHURCHILL, by Virginia Cowles. *The political and financial crisis in Great Britain is bringing to the fore once again the great war-time leader of the Empire. Mrs. Cowles presents a three-dimensional profile of him, crammed with colorful anecdotes.*

WHY WOMEN CANNOT BE GENIUSES, by Waverley Root. *Mr. Root ranges over the whole field of human thought and achievement and comes to the conclusion that women geniuses are as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth — and he offers an explanation that may arouse the women even more than his thesis.*

MAYOR GAYNOR: A POLITICAL MAVERICK, by Mortimer Smith. *New York City has had its Jimmy Walker and its Fiorello LaGuardia, but few people nowadays know of William J. Gaynor, another New York mayor who was at least as colorful as either of these men. Mr. Smith writes about him with knowledge and insight.*

THE OTHER SIDE OF WONDER DRUGS, by James & Peta Fuller. *A sobering survey on what the so-called wonder drugs do not do, how many of them have failed to live up to the original claims made for them, and how some can, at least on occasion, be very dangerous.*

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE MINISTRY, by the Rev. Alson J. Smith, *which was scheduled for the September issue but omitted for reasons of space, will also appear in the October issue. In addition, there will be several other features, and the usual departments: The Theatre, The Library, The Check List, The Open Forum, Down to Earth, and The Skeptics' Corner.*

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The American Mercury

PROTESTANT CONCERN OVER CATHOLICISM

B Y

THE REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE

The widening gulf between Protestants and Catholics has become an important national issue. The function of a free press in a democratic society is to bring such issues out into the open for public examination. It is in this spirit that THE AMERICAN MERCURY has thrown open its pages to the presentation of both the Protestant and Catholic positions, by men who enjoy the respect and admiration, not only of their fellow-communicants, but of the laity in general. The Rev. Dr. Bowie, dean of students at the Union Theological Seminary, is one of the most scholarly and influential Protestant clergymen in the United States. He is the author of a dozen books. Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., professor of theology at Woodstock College, Maryland, is an eminent Catholic authority on the relationship between church and State, and has written extensively on the problem for both lay and religious publications.

WHY should there be any concern about Roman Catholicism?

Ideally there ought to be none. Protestantism and Roman Catholicism are both in their own conception interpreters of one and the same

gospel — the gospel of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. Furthermore, Protestants can sincerely admire much that Roman Catholicism specifically represents. We can admire the steadfastness with which, in the midst of

contemporary secularism and shallow thinking, Roman Catholicism bears its constant witness to a higher world of which every man must also be a citizen if his soul is not to shrivel. We can recognize the massive dignity of an organized life and worship rich with the tradition of many centuries, and the width of a fellowship which reaches round the world and includes communicants of every nation and race. We can honor the heroic devotion of many Roman Catholic priests and missionaries, the life-long and unreserved dedication to God's service in religious orders both of monks and nuns, and ideals of saintliness which have been lifted up and to which the greater souls in generation after generation have aspired.

What then, we repeat, are Protestants concerned about?

They are concerned because they are obliged to believe that the clearly stated Roman Catholic purpose "to make America Catholic," if it succeeded, would jeopardize the religious and civil liberties which have been the glory of Protestant countries and of Protestant culture. The Protestant holds that every soul is accountable to God, that religion can only be real when each man espouses that which he himself believes, and that, in the long run, where there is spiritual independence, truth can be trusted to emerge. On the other hand, Roman

Catholicism is not only a religion but a type of organized religion which, because of certain implacable assumptions, claims not merely equality of life and opportunity, but dominance, wherever it can assert and maintain its claims. Roman Catholicism, according to its own view, is not a part of that larger and unstereotyped fellowship of the spirit which includes Christians of different names within the Church of Christ. It claims instead to be the only church of Christ. The Pope in Rome is the vicar of Christ. All those who call themselves Christians, but remain outside the fold of Rome, are schismatic. They represent error, while Rome represents truth. Therefore, it is the right and duty of the Roman Church, wherever it has the power, to assert and establish what it believes to be its own truth and to suppress error. Bluntly, this means that Rome regards Protestantism as a perversion of Christianity. In every country where it is strong enough, the Roman Church will control, so far as it can, education, the laws concerning marriage and divorce, and regulations about morality generally, not only for its own communicants, but for the whole population. If it cannot destroy Protestant organization, worship and opinion, it will lay upon them such harassing and arbitrary limitations as to make them, as nearly as may be, impotent. To

state that is not to invent a charge against a great church body with which Protestants would prefer to have an equal friendship. It is simply to recognize what Roman Catholic spokesmen explicitly have said and are saying, as the quotations of their own words that follow in this article make plain.

II

American Protestants look at what has actually happened in other countries where the Roman Catholic organization has been able to carry out its consistent desires, and they do not want these same things to happen in America. In the Vatican agreement with Mussolini in 1929 (the Lateran Treaty), it was provided that "the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion is the sole religion of the State." It was provided that there should be Roman Catholic teaching in all Italian public schools, with Catholic bishops having the right to dismiss any teacher of religion at will. In Argentina under the present rule of Perón, the Roman Catholic religion is similarly a part of the curriculum of the public schools, and the Church is entitled to censor all school textbooks. The New York *Herald Tribune*, in February 1949, published a series of articles by Homer Bigart, whom it described as "one of the ablest of this newspaper's foreign correspondents,"

who had written from various foreign posts "with a fearless and dispassionate regard for facts." Said Mr. Bigart:

Under the Falangist government, the Spanish Protestant is a second-class citizen. . . . He is not allowed to practice his faith in public. The chapel he attends must not display any exterior evidences that it is a place of worship. It cannot advertise its existence — not even with a bulletin board. It cannot be listed in the public directories.

He recounts, also, the riotous destruction carried out by mobs upon Protestant chapels in Barcelona and Madrid after a pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Seville had denounced the existence in Spain of any Protestant institutions whatever. In the *Herald Tribune* of March 8, 1949, there was printed a letter from Manuel Maestro, press attaché of the Spanish Embassy in Washington, which attempted to justify the treatment of Protestants in Spain. That letter contained this revealing sentence:

If Catholic doctrine is inflexible and does not admit compatibility with other creeds, and if the Spanish State has proclaimed itself officially Catholic, our attitude is a logical consequence of our beliefs.

These practices in countries like Italy, the Argentine and Spain, are

not sporadic accidents. They are backed by the Roman Catholic authorities, beginning with encyclicals of the Pope. In his encyclical *Immortale Dei*, Leo XIII declared, "It is not lawful for the State . . . to hold in equal favor different kinds of religion." In the *Syllabus of Errors* in 1864, the Pope condemned the principle that a man should be free to embrace and confess the religion he should believe to be true. In a catechism put forth by the Roman Catholic Church for use for religious instruction in Spain, "freedom of conscience, freedom of worship and freedom of the press," are listed among "the principal errors condemned by the Church." And in *La Civiltà Cattolica*, the official organ of the Jesuits, published in Rome, in April 1948, there was an article by Father F. Cavalli which included the following declaration:

The Roman Catholic Church, convinced, through its divine prerogatives, of being the only true church, must demand the right to freedom for herself alone, because such a right can only be possessed by truth, never by error. As to other religions, the Church will certainly never draw the sword, but she will require that by legitimate means they shall not be allowed to propagate false doctrine. Consequently, in a State where the majority of the people are Catholic, the Church will

require that legal existence be denied to error, and that if religious minorities actually exist, they shall have only a *de facto* existence, without opportunity to spread their beliefs. If, however, actual circumstances . . . make the complete application of this principle impossible, then the Church will require for herself all possible concessions. . . .

In some countries, Catholics will be obliged to ask full religious freedom for all, resigned at being forced to cohabitate where they alone should rightfully be allowed to live. But in doing this the Church does not renounce her thesis . . . but merely adapts herself. . . . Hence arises the great scandal among Protestants. . . . We ask Protestants to understand that the Catholic Church would betray her trust if she were to proclaim . . . that error can have the same rights as truth. . . . The Church cannot blush for her own want of tolerance, as she asserts it in principle and applies it in practice.

Observe the blunt statement that error must not "have the same rights as truth." This is no harmless theological assertion. It does not mean merely that from the Roman Catholic point of view all people ought ideally to be Roman Catholics. It means, as a matter of fact, that through the representatives of the Vatican (which is a State as well as a church), and through the constant pressure of the

hierarchy, Roman Catholicism will and does endeavor not only to teach its own communicants, but to impose the pattern of its opinions upon the whole life of a people. Implacably consistent with its own assertions that it alone has the right to make final pronouncement upon moral and spiritual truth, it will exert all the power it can muster to bend public institutions and public practices to its own direction.

III

At a "Parade of Protest" in New York City on May 1, 1949, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen said: "There is not one intelligent man in the world today who believes that the State has anything to fear from the Church." That was the rhetorical flourish of a propagandist. As a matter of fact, a conviction that the State has a great deal to fear from the Roman Catholic Church is being expressed with a growing emphasis. Note, for example, the organization in 1947 of "Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State." Consider the statement made in March 1949 by the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. After arguing the need for all religious people to stand against the persecution of religious leaders in Communist countries, the Committee continued:

We cannot be silent about the fact that in Spain, the Argentine and elsewhere, there are today grievous abridgments of religious freedom. In championing religious freedom, we mean freedom from coercion by any earthly power, whether political or ecclesiastical, that assumes the prerogatives of God and attempts to control the conscience of the individual.

Consider also the evidence being set forth by writers in different countries. Frederic Hoffet's *L'Imperialisme Protestant*, published last year in France, analyzes the influence of Roman Catholicism in those countries where it has been dominant, arraigns that influence as destructive of civic morale, and argues that it is in the predominantly Protestant nations of the world that strength for democratic freedom centers. In *The Catholic Church Against the Twentieth Century* (1947), Avro Manhattan has written in England of the ambition of the Roman Catholic Church for dominion:

If this ambition were limited to the purely religious sphere it would still be objectionable on moral and practical grounds, and it would be the task of the non-Catholic Christian denominations and all non-Christian religions to resist it. But, unfortunately, it knows no such limits. . . . Its religious principles of necessity

bring it into ethical, social, cultural, economic and political spheres. . . . The spirit which moves the Catholic Church, the foundations on which it is built, its methods permitting everything that furthers its spiritual dominion, its immediate and ultimate goals — all these and numerous other factors make the Catholic Church a ruthless and persistent enemy of our century and of all that individuals and nations are laboring and sweating to attain.

This year, the Beacon Press of Boston issued Paul Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. It is a scrupulously documented review of what the Roman Catholic Church has been doing to exercise control over many phases of American life — a review which has been checked for its accuracy by a panel of experts, one of whom was Giovanni Pioli of Milan, former vice-rector of the Propaganda Pontifical College for Roman Catholic Missions. "The Catholic problem as I see it," writes Mr. Blanshard,

is not primarily a religious problem. It is an institutional and political problem. It is a matter of the use and abuse of power by an organization that is not only a church but a State within a State and a State above a State.

IV

Yet it might imaginably be said that these are general assertions. Well, then, let us particularize.

Morals in Politics and Professions by the Reverend Francis J. Connell, Associate Professor of Moral Theology in the Catholic University of America, published in 1946 with the *imprimatur* of Michael Joseph Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore and Washington, discusses the obligations of the Roman Catholic doctor, nurse, social worker, and teacher in the public schools. As to the public-school teacher, the following is stated in regard to questions which may arise in the public-school classroom concerning such subjects as divorce, euthanasia and birth control:

Neither should the Catholic teacher hesitate to give the solution taught by her religion to problems of a moral and social nature which may be discussed in class. . . . The doctrine of the Catholic Church on such subjects is simply the teaching of the moral laws binding all human beings, and the Catholic teacher is in no way infringing on her agreement not to impose specifically Catholic tenets on the class when she proposes the doctrine taught by the Church and Catholic scholars.

The Catholic social worker is warned that such a worker, "though engaged by a non-sectarian agency, may not exercise her activities independently of the Church and the local clergy." This same note runs all through the book. The Roman Catholic in all

relations and in all community contacts is to accept as binding those dogmas and those definitions for specific conduct which the Church has laid down.

Meanwhile, on a matter so crucial to our American life as the support of our public schools, what is the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church? In *The First Freedom*, by the Jesuit priest Father Wilfrid Parsons, published in 1949 with the *imprimatur* of Patrick A. O'Boyle, Archbishop of Washington, it is specifically argued that the Roman Catholic Church ought to be entitled to public support for its parochial schools. Another Jesuit priest, Father Paul L. Blakely, with the *imprimatur* of the former Archbishop of New York, Cardinal Patrick Hayes, has written in his *May an American Oppose the Public School?*:

Our first duty to the public school is not to pay taxes for its maintenance. We pay that tax under protest. The first duty of every Catholic father to the public school is to keep his children out of it. The first duty of every Catholic American to education in general is to support the Catholic school.

In other words, the Roman Catholics not only want to maintain their own schools, which are permeated by their own particular indoctrination (this is

quite within their rights), but they wish to have what is a divisive religious influence supported by public taxes. Nor are signs lacking of the extent to which Roman Catholics will go to achieve in America that hold upon public education which they claim, and have actually gained, in lands like Italy, Spain and Argentina. In 1947, in North College Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio, a Roman Catholic majority on the Board of Education incorporated a Roman Catholic school into the public school system, paid the Archbishop \$6000 out of the public-school funds for ten months' rental of the building, placed the nuns teaching in their school on the public payroll, while the school continued to teach Roman Catholic doctrine and to be used by the local church for bingo games and other parish activities. Then the school board, with its Roman Catholic majority, refused to reappoint the Superintendent of Schools who resisted what was being done. Not until the citizens took the matter to the courts was this action of the school board upset, the contract for rental of the parochial schools abrogated, and the nuns taken off the public payroll.

If the public school is one pillar of American democracy, certainly free speech and free discussion, whether

by the spoken or the printed word, is a still more crucial one. But Roman Catholic pressure is frequently, and often successfully, exerted to prevent expression of views which the Church opposes. There is, of course, a constant control of books which are to be validated for circulation among Roman Catholics themselves. Turn to the title page of any one of the Catholic books quoted in this article, or of others like them, and note how it is necessary that they be approved by the diocesan bishop, and that they pass the scrutiny of the *Censor Librorum*. But although the discussion of faith or practice by Roman Catholics themselves is thus subject to tight official control, this is not what concerns Protestants. What does concern them is the attempt to set up a censorship that reaches into the whole field of our public life.

Again it is important to be specific.

It was more than two decades ago that a Jesuit priest, Father Charles J. Mullaly, in the Roman Catholic periodical *America* (February 11, 1928), gave definite advice to Roman Catholics as to how to deal with newspapers or other periodicals which published matter that Roman Catholics might deem offensive. "Do not attack a magazine or newspaper through its editorial department," he said, "but act through its business office." Then he described how the

Washington Truth Society (the name is ironic) brought a particular newspaper in Washington to heel. It threatened the business office that Catholics would not buy the paper. And Father Mullaly went on to say: "An even more tender spot was hit." In other words, the representatives of the Truth Society went to advertisers and told them that they had better take their advertisements out of that paper. Then Father Mullaly exults in declaring that some time afterward, the new editor of a Washington newspaper told the vice-president of the Washington Truth Society that "the owners of the paper have warned me not to publish anything that might be considered objectionable by you."

Is that something that belongs only to the past? If anyone thinks so, let us bring the evidence closer to the present time.

On September 11, 1944, the San Francisco *News* reported that a Roman Catholic priest, with a woman companion, had pleaded guilty in a California town to a charge of drunken driving. When a reporter called up the office of Archbishop John J. Mitty, his secretary, Monsignor Harold E. Collins, answered: "No one in San Francisco has ever used a story like that." And later he called back and asked the *News* to "lay off." The

News printed the story, and ten days later published the fact that the priest had paid a \$250 fine. At a meeting of the Catholic Laymen's Club, Monsignor Collins urged the members to boycott the *News*, and the Archbishop declared to his clergy that, if necessary, he would write a letter to the same effect to be read from all pulpits.

The powerful pressure exerted by Roman Catholic influences which helped to bring about the exclusion of the *Nation*, one of the oldest weeklies in America, from the public schools of New York and Newark, N. J., is well known. Significant, also, is the fact that in 1947, four Protestant and Jewish gynecologists on the staff of a Roman Catholic hospital in Springfield, Massachusetts, and that in 1948, four more on the staff of a hospital in Greenfield, Massachusetts, were dismissed because they had dared, as citizens, to advocate repeal of the Massachusetts laws that prohibit any dissemination of knowledge of birth control, even by physicians. In 1948, a patriotic organization in New Jersey invited Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, former president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, to give an address at its luncheon, which commemorated George Washington's birthday. Roman Catholic influences tried to prevent the coming of Bishop Oxnam.

He was assailed in all masses in St. Margaret's Church and the Church of the Assumption in Morristown; and Monsignor John J. Sheerin, in St. Margaret's Church, declared that because the Bishop had disagreed with a recent divided ruling of the Supreme Court permitting the transportation by public-school buses of children going to Roman Catholic parochial schools, the Bishop could not be classified as a patriot, and therefore had no business being invited to speak on Washington's birthday. The attempted Roman Catholic censorship in Morristown failed, but it by no means always fails. It will long be remembered that in February 1949, the protests of six Roman Catholic priests of Danbury, Connecticut, proved sufficient to intimidate the local Lions Club into withdrawing an invitation to Mr. Henry A. Wallace to speak — not in any public place or any public meeting, but in their own club gathering.

Consider one more striking incident — and one that was described with more courage than is sometimes shown by newspapers which may be intimidated by Roman Catholic pressure.

In Wilmington, Delaware, in 1948, there was shown in a small moving picture theatre a film, partly clinical and documentary, meant for the wider education of youth on the dangers of pregnancy and venereal

disease. This film had been approved in advance by a number of clergymen and civic leaders. Roman Catholic representatives threatened this theatre with a one-year boycott, and after seven weeks, the theatre-owner capitulated and "signed an agreement to show no more pictures opposed by Catholic organizations." (Wilmington, Delaware, *Journal-Every Evening*, October 19, 1948.) In its editorial this newspaper said, "Catholic organizations have just given Wilmington a convincing demonstration of their power." Then after describing the facts, the editorial concluded:

One yardstick to such a use of power is to ask: "How would we feel if the government exercised it?" We are very jealous of encroachments on our liberties by the State. Yet the State in theory, at least, represents all the people. Powers we hesitate to give it might well be dangerous if they came to be wielded by a church or by any group representing only part of the people.

v

Incidents such as the above might be waved aside if it could be presumed that they were sporadic matters and so not to be taken seriously. But it is to be remembered that they have to be set in the framework of Roman Catholic assumptions which were

flatly expressed in *La Civiltà Cattolica*, as noted above: "In a State where the majority of the people are Catholic, the Church will require that legal existence be denied to error, and that if religious minorities actually exist, they shall have only a *de facto* existence, without opportunity to spread their beliefs." Meanwhile, organized Roman Catholicism in this country is avowedly set to turn the Protestant majority, which founded this nation and which has given to it its particular genius of liberty, into a minority. In *Winning Converts*, a book published in 1948 and edited by Professor John A. O'Brien of the University of Notre Dame, with the *imprimatur* of John Frances Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, there are elaborate representations of Roman Catholic statements and charts which have been used in public exhibits, setting forth what Protestants would regard as unhistorical and intolerable claims, and accompanied by comparative descriptions of Protestantism which come close to being insulting in their disparagement. In that book are these words of counsel concerning conversion to Roman Catholicism from the rest of the American people:

If the person is ready for baptism, you must be careful about his marital status, his abandonment of the heretical church, and his acceptance of the true Church. . . . Above all, be sure

that he understands that he cannot save his soul outside the Catholic Church.

A statement like that might seem to have been contradicted in Massachusetts recently, when certain teachers were dropped from the faculty of the Roman Catholic Boston College because they vehemently asserted that the college was heretical in that it did *not* teach explicitly that no one could be saved outside the Roman Catholic Church. If the dropping of those teachers should really mean repudiation by the Roman Catholic hierarchy of a claim by the Church to be the exclusive instrument of salvation, that would be good news. But it would be rash to draw any such conclusion. It cannot be drawn unless and until the Church repudiates the flat assertion of her sole prerogative, made repeatedly by her accredited spokesmen, including Popes.

As a further example: In an article entitled "Preserving the Faith Inviolable," by Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., in the January 1946 *American Ecclesiastical Review*, a monthly publication for the Catholic clergy *Cum Approbatione Superiorum*, it is said:

It takes but little thought to realize the supreme importance of upholding and defending the Catholic faith in its unblemished integrity and of not

yielding a single inch to the idea that a person is free to believe what he wishes. The doctrines proposed by the Catholic Church as truths of divine faith constitute the message of God to mankind. Every word bears the guarantee of divine wisdom and divine veracity. All men are obliged, under penalty of eternal damnation, to accept all these truths without restriction or equivocation. [Page 35] . . . In expounding Catholic teaching about the Church the priest must . . . state clearly that the visible Church — the external, hierarchical organization with the Pope as its head — has been established by Christ as a necessary means of salvation. In other words, a person must belong in some way to the Catholic Church in order to be saved. [Page 37] . . . To assert without qualification that everyone has the right to practice whatever form of religion he chooses is to make a statement that is utterly illogical and irreverent. For no one can have a real objective right to practice any but the true religion, and Catholics believe that Catholicism is the only true religion, which God commands all men to accept. Every other religion is false, and opposed to God's plan for man's salvation, and it is an egregious error to say that anyone has the right to accept it. This is the belief of Catholics, the belief for which millions have been persecuted and martyred. It ill behooves any Catholic of our day, particularly any Catholic priest, to compromise or to equivocate

in propounding this doctrine through fear of offending those not of the Catholic faith.

Let those last words echo in the mind. Remember also the sentences quoted from *La Civiltà Cattolica*, which ended with a flat justification of the Roman Catholic Church "for her own want of tolerance." Then compare with those assertions the fantastic representations which Cardinal Spellman made in an address at Fordham University on June 11, 1947, when he complained that the resistance by Protestants to any use of public tax funds for the support or furtherance of Roman Catholic parochial schools was Protestant "bigotry," a word which he has used more recently and more rudely in his assaults upon Congressman Barden and upon Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. In other words, a championship of the historic American position of the separation of church and State makes Protestants guilty, according to Cardinal Spellman, of "un-American and unchristian attitudes," and it is Protestants, not Roman Catholics, who now are bigots! One can only suppose that the Cardinal has been taking lessons from Humpty Dumpty in *Alice in Wonderland*: "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, "it means just what I choose it to mean."

It is a fact that there is a growing

religious tension in America, and this tension is deeply regrettable and may become dangerous. Accordingly, there is all the more need that the fact be clearly faced, with no smokescreen of evasive words. The fundamental reason for that tension is that Roman Catholicism, as it impinges upon the community and the State, is totalitarian. Protestantism, which believes in the dignity of all human souls and in liberty of mind and spirit as the only guarantee of truth, is bound to recognize and resist totalitarianism, no matter how much it covers itself with a religious garb. We do not want political dictatorship, and we do not want ecclesiastical dictatorship either. As we do not propose to be ruled from any Communist Red Square, neither do we propose to be ruled from any Cardinal's red hat. The apprehension which Protestants feel when Roman Catholicism grows to the point of being dominant in any country is due to the fact that the common life will then certainly be subjected to the implacable pressure of a Roman Catholic hierarchy convinced that its Church has been divinely appointed to instruct the public mind and to shape the public morals.

VI

It is true that there are many laymen, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, who do not yet recognize

the seriousness of the present situation. In their friendly human contacts they do not say much about religious differences. Roman Catholic laymen here in America have for the most part absorbed the friendly spirit of this country, and they have no particular inclination to force their views upon members of other communions or to disparage the worship and life of their Protestant friends. But the plain fact is that Roman Catholic laity have very little to say as to the organization of their Church and the manipulation of its concentrated power. The Church is governed and its policies are shaped from above. It is the voice of the Vatican and not the voice of the American layman that determines the thrust of Roman Catholic influence. And what disturbs the Protestants most is that the hierarchy, here in our own country just as in other countries, is a tight and inaccessible directorate. The whole theory of exclusive prestige and prerogative which Rome claims in Christendom makes the Roman Catholic cardinals, archbishops, and bishops refuse to sit down in frank and democratic conference with Protestant leaders. Friendships can be developed here and there with some

unusual priest, but if his friendliness is noted by his superiors, it is almost always frowned upon. If there are serious differences and growing possibilities of collision and hostility between religious forces in this country, the right and sensible thing is that the leaders on both sides sit down together and thrash them out. At any hour, the leaders of Protestantism will be ready to do that. The Roman Catholic hierarchy refuses. Can Roman Catholic laymen recognize that fact and use what could be their powerful insistence to see to it that, here in America at least, the Roman Catholic Church shall not be a totalitarian autocracy but a great communion which is ready to meet an American problem in a democratic American way? In short, can the Roman Catholic hierarchy be brought to a readiness to discuss American religious tensions not merely in sermons and public speeches, but by sitting down with the leaders of Protestantism to find out in friendliness what the real reasons for friction are and whether they can be allayed? Will they do that? If not, why not? That is a question which may be evaded, but cannot be escaped. What is the answer to it?



THE CATHOLIC POSITION—A REPLY

BY THE REV. JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S.J.

WHEN I was asked to comment on an article, which I had not yet seen, dealing with Protestant concern about Roman Catholicism, it occurred to me—a wry thought—that I could very well sit down and myself write the Protestant article. The formula has become entirely familiar: some introductory pious platitudes, a superficial advertence to the Catholic theological doctrine of the Church, the stock tags from a few Catholic documents on Church and State, the allegation of the “horrible example” (the “Catholic State” on the Spanish model), a selection of the stock incidents purporting to show that the horror begins to dawn in the United States, a rhetorical flight on the unparalleled contributions of Protestantism to the growth of democracy, and the final concluding plea that Catholic and Protestant leaders should sit down together and discuss their differences. This familiar formula allows certain variations in vocabulary and emotional tone; there will, for instance, be a more or less liberal sprinkling of epithetical qualifications of the Catholic Church (“ecclesi-

astical arrogance,” “clerical tyranny,” etc.), and a more or less indignant arraignment of the Catholic Church for the ultimate immorality—the quest of power for the sake of power. Finally, Protestant writers always throw in the two distinctions that are classic in the Communist polemic against the Catholic Church: first, between Catholicism as a faith and as an institution; secondly, between the Catholic laity and the Catholic hierarchy.

Dean Bowie faithfully follows the familiar formula, with a literary accent that is, of course, quite Union Theological Seminary rather than Southern Baptist or Boston Methodist.

In my comments I have been asked to be “specific.” It will be a bit difficult, given the sweep of some of Dean Bowie’s generalizations, which could only be met with statements of similar sweep. He asserts, for instance, that it was the Protestant majority which founded this nation that “has given to it its particular genius of liberty.” To this the only brief answer is to say: Historical nonsense. Again, he asserts that the Church of Christ is “that

larger and unstereotyped fellowship of the spirit which includes Christians of different names." To this one can only reply: Theological nonsense. Again, he asserts that "the dignity of all human souls and . . . liberty of mind and spirit [is] the only guarantee of truth." And to this one must simply answer: Epistemological and ethical nonsense. To go beyond this two-syllabled word would be to write a three-volume work. . . . At all events, I shall be as specific as possible in the circumstances, and on a subject in which ideas and assumptions, rather than what are called "facts," are determinant of conclusions.

I am in agreement with Dean Bowie when he says that the issue of Catholic-Protestant relationships should be "clearly faced, with no smokescreen of evasive words." And this leads me to suggest that he is using an evasive word when he describes this issue in terms of "tension." In the United States there are indeed tensions, properly so called, in the inter-racial and economic fields, and between religious and secularist forces, and between Jew and non-Jew. But between Protestants and Catholics one cannot properly speak of "tension." To have a tension, both parties (not one) must be tense, as, for instance, are white and colored in certain sections. But today in the United

States, and elsewhere, Catholicism is not tense, not polarized against Protestantism. In fact, every intelligent Catholic I know would agree that, in the contemporary spiritual state of the world, a polemic against Protestantism is practically an irrelevance, except insofar as this or that Protestant position manifests an alliance with secularist tendencies. Between Catholicism and secularism one may indeed speak of a proper "tension"; but if Protestantism is caught in it, the reason is that it has itself entered the field between the two poles.

One would therefore be less evasive if one said that what is happening today is simply another resurgence of the anti-Catholic feeling on the part of Protestants which has been a sociological phenomenon in the United States since, and even before, the repeal of the Maryland Act of Toleration. One would be still more forthright if one admitted that this phenomenon is itself the product of a necessity inherent in Protestantism, especially of the American, "left-wing" type. It is not, in fact, possible for Protestantism to situate itself historically, to define itself as a religious system, or to deploy itself as a cultural dynamic except, fundamentally, in terms of opposition to the Catholic Church. What Newman called "the anti-Roman bias" is of its

essence. In contrast, an anti-Protestant bias is in no sense of the essence of Catholicism, which does not need to situate or define itself in negative, critical terms — terms of “protest.”

Moreover, this anti-Roman bias has always had social repercussions. I do not doubt that individual Protestants would wish it otherwise; the question is whether it can possibly be otherwise. A Protestant minority is by necessity aggressively anti-Catholic, as Pastor Brutsch has said of Spanish Protestantism. A Protestant majority is by necessity oppressively anti-Catholic, as in the First and Second German Reichs and in contemporary Norway and Sweden. Even in the United States the necessity has worked itself out, as readers of Billington's *Protestant Crusade* and Myers' *History of Bigotry in the United States* are aware. And I suppose the necessity will continue to operate.

II

To put the matter, with Christopher Dawson, in psychological terms, it seems that hostility to the Catholic Church is profoundly lodged in the Protestant collective unconscious, in consequence perhaps of some natal trauma. The outbursts are periodic, as in the Colonial period, in the 1830s, after the Civil War, after World War I, and most recently in the last five

years or so. Each has had its special social context and particular quality. Erick von Kühnelt-Leddihn has suggested that the latest one is a display of “defensive aggressiveness.” Actually, in the judgment of Professor Paul Tillich, in today's cultural situation and in the face of the dynamic forces that are shaping it, for good or ill, “Protestantism is merely on the defensive.” Inevitably, there is a reaction to this situation. And I suppose it is equally inevitable that the reaction should take the form of what Dr. Bowie rather evasively calls “concern” about Roman Catholicism. For here is the old enemy, at which alone Protestantism knows how to strike. Against other enemies — the real ones today — its arm is somewhat palsied. I say all this simply in the interests of being specific. The thing that needs specifically to be understood about Protestant “concern” is its profoundest motivation. And nothing is gained by being evasive on this point.

My second specific comment concerns Dr. Bowie's central thesis. It is contained in the sentence he approvingly quotes from Avro Manhattan's book, *The Catholic Church Against the Twentieth Century*, to the effect that “the Catholic Church [is] a ruthless and persistent enemy of our century and of *all* that individuals and nations are laboring and sweating

to attain." The italics are mine; they indicate the breath-taking sweep of the thesis. At that, it is but part of the larger, traditional Protestant thesis that the Catholic Church has been the enemy of *every* century since the sixteenth when, on the Protestant account, the centuries began to have a friend (Protestantism) as well as an enemy.

I think it will be agreed that Dr. Bowie has undertaken to prove a good deal. In fact, his thesis would instantly be declared unprovable by any intelligent man of good will who knows our century, and a few other centuries, and who is even slightly acquainted with the religious and social activity of the Catholic Church. To such a man the mere casting up of this resounding thesis will be evidence enough that something besides logic, idea and fact is operating in the mind of its proponents. Such a man will also see the identity between the thesis adopted by Dr. Bowie and the thesis being proclaimed at the moment by Mr. Cepicka in Czechoslovakia. It is likewise the identical thesis recently sustained by Mr. Paul Blanshard, the undiluted secularist who has just been coopted into the ranks of the Fathers of the Protestant Church. (His book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, seems to have been published with the silent *imprimatur*

of a multitude of Protestant clergymen; and Dr. Bowie reverently quotes it.)

There is, of course, the difference that, in choosing to be against the Catholic Church, Mr. Cepicka (quite clearly) and Mr. Blanshard (up to a point) know what they are *for*. The former is for a Communist world order; that latter is for the democratic social-welfare State as the single and ultimate vehicle of whatever salvation is available to man—a State within which secularism will be the established religion, publicly professed and supported, with a grant of freedom of private worship and practice to the outworn traditional religions. However, it is not easy to know what Dr. Bowie is for. He does indeed believe three things: "That every soul is accountable to God, that religion can only be real when each man espouses that which he himself believes, and that, in the long run, where there is spiritual independence, truth can be trusted to emerge." But this is not helpfully specific. Every religious man believes the first thing; any rationalist will subscribe to the second; and the third sounds like one of the clichés of nineteenth-century liberalism which I thought we had all seen through by this time. At all events, we know what Dr. Bowie, like Mr. Cepicka and Mr. Blanshard, is against — the

Catholic Church. It is, in his view, the enemy of the twentieth century, of the State, of religious and civil liberties, of "civic morale," of democratic culture — in fact, "of all that individuals and nations are laboring and sweating to attain." What are his specific proofs?

III

After what he admits are "general assertions," he says, "let us particularize." Analysis reveals that the particularizations fall under three main heads: the conduct of Catholic teachers in public schools; the Catholic position on government aid to education; and an alleged "attempt to set up a censorship that reaches into the whole field of our public life." This is the sum of his indictment. In the inadequate space remaining let me make some brief and specific comments.

The first statement alleged is by a Catholic moralist, to the effect that when a religious, moral or social problem is being discussed in a public school, a Catholic teacher ought to state his or her position — that of the Catholic Church. So — I inquire inelegantly — what? Are we to suppose that the Catholic teacher could only be a true friend of the twentieth century by keeping his or her mouth shut in those circumstances? And can it be that Dr. Bowie gives Protestant

benediction to the "singular phenomenon" pointed out by Professor Frank Gavin of Princeton, that "in the modern secular American university [the same goes for the public school] attacks upon religion and its fundamental theses can be delivered and accepted by society without demur, and yet a vigorous defense — in anything like so able a fashion — of the root principle of religion [the same goes for any religious and moral position] immediately arouses opposition and antagonism"? Or is there an action inimical to democracy simply because a *Catholic* position is stated? I suspect that this is it. It is entirely "democratic" for one public-school teacher to tell her pupils (with all her teacher-authority): "I am in favor of divorce, euthanasia, birth control, etc." But it is "undemocratic" for another to say: "The Catholic Church is against these things, as forbidden by the natural and divine law — and so am I." This, I take it, is Dr. Bowie' position. To state it is to show its absurdity.

The second count in the indictment concerns the Catholic assertion that the religious school which serves a public purpose is entitled in terms of moral right and political principle to a fair proportion of public support. This is an enormously complicated issue, not to be settled in a sentence. Dr. Bowie settles it in a sentence; he

is against having "a divisive religious influence supported by public taxes." In other words, he settles the issue by begging all the leading questions involved in it. I have no space to argue the whole issue here; hence I shall make one point.

Dr. Bowie attempts to force the Catholic position, asserted in the Federal-aid debate, into a pattern, conceived by himself, of Catholic aggression. On the contrary, a fair-minded survey of the educational situation would reveal it to be what in fact I know it is — a necessary piece of defensive strategy. From the Protestant and secularist assertion, "You have no right to aid," viewed in the light of the reasons and feelings behind it, it is but a step to the declaration, "You have no right to exist." And powerful forces are urging that the step be taken. Professor Childs of Teachers College was recently their spokesman when he urged obligatory public-school education for all American children, at least for a portion of their school life. (The "at least" is the nose of the camel of secularist Statism in the tent of American education; and aren't Protestants very familiar with what happens to tents when camels' noses get into them?) Mr. Max Lerner was also their spokesman when he said that the Oregon school case decision in 1925, vindicating the right of parents

to send their children to a school of their own choosing, was the first step in the wrong direction — the first breach in the wall of separation between State (*i.e.*, education) and church. It is against this parental right that today's educational aggression moves; it is in its defense that the Catholic position is taken. We are indeed aggressively opposed to the idea of the State as the primary educator and to the institution of the single State school. But this is no aggression against religious and civil liberties; it is a rally to their defense. And if we are charged with being in this respect the enemy of the twentieth century, in which the single State school has had, and is having, such horrid success, we do not hesitate to plead guilty.

The third main count in the indictment concerns an alleged Catholic attempt at a "censorship" over "the whole field of our public life." Again the sweeping charge ("whole field"). And again the scanty premises — seven incidents or utterances. I cannot deal with them in detail. Let me say, first, that every utterance is taken out of context, and every incident is reported with such a lack of factual detail as to quite misrepresent its significance. For instance, Dr. Bowie cites an article written in *America* in 1928 on boycotting offensive newspapers; this is somehow

to prove us the enemy of "free speech." What he fails to note is the significance of the date, 1928. Does he expect his readers to have forgotten that in 1928 the campaign of misrepresentation, calumny and vilification, launched against the Catholic Church because a great American who happened to be a Catholic was seeking the Presidency, was about at its height? (Incidentally, would it be ungracious to venture the understatement that the campaign did not proceed without Protestant assistance?) Does Dr. Bowie wish to maintain that this ugly campaign was justified in the name of "free speech"? And what were Catholics supposed to do — stand smiling at the crossroads while the dirty work went on?

We were angry in 1928, not without reason; the situation was such as to call for means of last resort. And a metaphorical horsewhip was here and there used. (There is something of a tradition that when a man deliberately and continually insults your bride or mother the principle of free speech does not forbid use of a horsewhip.) The facts of 1928 are freely admitted; but when, twenty years later, they are recalled, I should like to see them *all* recalled. If they are, no fair-minded man will draw from them the implication that Catholics are the enemies of free, responsible, democratic discussion of all issues

affecting the public weal. We are, if you will, opposed to a poisoning of the public mind by the spread of lies and slander about ourselves or anybody else. But does this fact stigmatize us as enemies of the twentieth century?

IV

Another instance of Dr. Bowie's slapdash reporting is his one-sentence reference to the famous banning of the *Nation*. It is "well known," says he, that Catholic pressure did the trick; you see how Catholics are the enemies of free speech. What does one do with this sort of back-of-me-hand-to-you thing? A one-sentence swipe serves his turn, which is further to fasten the hold of a myth on the public mind. It would take me five pages to marshal the facts and principles relevant to forming a fair judgment on the *Nation* incident. The fair judgment would by no means have the deceitful simplicity of Dr. Bowie's myth; he could trust it not to have the same impact on the public mind. I confess, therefore, that Dr. Bowie has the advantage of me. I must deal in nice conclusions from complex premises of fact and premises; he can use what the logicians call the fallacy of progressive assertion ("Say it often enough and everyone will believe you").

The same technique of accusation characterizes his rapid enumeration of

other incidents. For instance, certain Protestant and Jewish doctors are dismissed from the staff of private Catholic hospitals for their advocacy of birth control. You see, says Dr. Bowie, how the Catholic Church is the enemy. (Enemy of what? It's not at all clear; suffice it that we are the enemy.) But what is omitted is any suggestion of a reason why they should *not* have been dismissed. Granted their sincere conviction that birth control is ethically right, what possible moral or legal right have they to practice in a private hospital whose ethical code asserts that it is wrong? Or has it somehow got to be undemocratic for a hospital to have an ethical code?

However, enough of all this small stuff. Dr. Bowie is quite aware that these stock-in-trade incidents are completely inadequate to explain what he chooses to call Protestant "concern." Actually, they are to him like the bone or two out of which the Sunday-supplement archaeologist constructs the museum-piece prehistoric monster. Only Dr. Bowie wants to exhibit a monster of the future, not the past. This future monster is, of course, a "Catholic America." And what Dr. Bowie at bottom is saying is this: "A future Catholic America would be exactly like contemporary Catholic Spain. How monstrous! Americans, beware!"

This is the very heart of the Protestant line being plugged today. One cannot, of course, do anything with it in a page. It is always a bit difficult to convince anyone that a bogey-man does not exist. And the difficulty is greater here because (to return to the previous metaphor) Dr. Bowie does indeed have his few scattered bones. He has Cavalli's article, a tag or two from Leo XIII, a proposition from the *Syllabus*, a fragment from a Spanish catechism, etc. What one would have to do, therefore, would be to prove that it is impossible or illegitimate to construct out of them his fearsome monster — a United States of the future that, if inhabited by a Catholic majority, would have the political structure and the mode of religio-social organization visible in contemporary Spain.

If this is what Dr. Bowie would wish me to prove, I quite frankly give up. For one thing it is like being asked, "When are you going to start beating your wife?" For another, as a Catholic theologian who knows a bit about political history, I have more sense than to regard past Catholic documents on Church and State as so many crystal balls in which to discern the exact shape of things to come. Even if one looked at these documents in their entirety and immense number, and not (with Dr. Bowie) at a few splintered fragments,

they do not contain political prophecy or a preview of constitutional history. If, for instance, one had attempted in 1076 to explain to Gregory VII the future constitutional concept, "religion of the State," which took shape in the nation-States of post-Reformation Europe, he would have been exceedingly puzzled; for he could not have understood the idea of a "nation-State" or of a "constitution." I am afraid, therefore, that I shall have to leave the crystal-gazing to Dr. Bowie; he seems to be much more authoritative about it than I should care to be. However, if I were to venture a prophesy, it would be that the development of the genuinely Catholic and democratic State will mean the end of the concept, "religion of the State" (on the Spanish or Cavalli model), as the constitutional form in which the doctrinal idea of the "freedom of the Church" has historically found its expression. I could explain this statement in roughly fifty pages.

v

There is another more profound reason for my unwillingness to follow Dr. Bowie onto his unsubstantial ground — the future of the United States Constitution in a hypothetically Catholic America. The reason is that this is not really what "concerns" him — what really gnaws at Protes-

tant religious vitals. I should wish to put the matter delicately because it is a delicate matter. Protestants are not really afraid lest one day they become "second-class" citizens in the United States, as they maintain their co-religionists are in Spain today. This is what the psychologists call a "secondary affect." There is something deeper. They are wounded and angry because the Catholic Church considers Protestantism to be a second-class religion. They are wounded because they are conscious of being first-class people — better, some of them, than their Catholic neighbors. And they are angry at what must be taken by them as a disparagement of something they hold sacred. What they really want, as Dean Bowie implies, is the repudiation by the Catholic Church of "the flat assertion of her sole prerogative" of being the one true Church of Christ. At bottom, they are not seeking official papal assurance that Catholicism will never become in the United States "the religion of the State" in the Spanish sense; they seem to want the Pope himself to take his seat, as an equal among equals, at the table of the World Council of Churches. This, if I understand it, is the heart of the matter — the refusal of the Church to acknowledge the equality of the churches.

Here, however, is the point of

irreducible difference. This refusal will continue to be made; for it is the obverse of an affirmation cardinal to Catholic faith. It is quite literally an awful affirmation to make; and for a Catholic to make it with the slightest touch of arrogance would be irreligious in the extreme. However, make it he must, being ready the while to argue this theological question on its merits, with humility, with the tools of rational reflection and historical investigation, under the illumining influence of God's grace sought by prayer.

And for the rest, there remains a secondary question in another and lower order of ideas and life; I mean that of the equal friendship of men of different faiths in the political order of society. Modern developments have revealed this to be a political question separate from the theological question of the equality of religious

faiths in the light of God's revealed law. The political question can be solved affirmatively, with that always limited measure of satisfaction that attends all human solutions. I know that the Catholic can give assurance that, whatever may have been historical situations of fact, there is nothing in any element of Catholic faith that requires the religious dissenter to be accounted a "second-class citizen" in a society of Catholics. Reciprocally (to voice at the end a Catholic concern about today's Protestant "concern"), he would wish the assurance that the anti-Roman bias inherent in Protestantism should not issue in pro-secularist attitudes and policies in the civil order that will, he rightfully thinks, result in making all of us, Catholics and Protestants, second-class men in a society from which religion itself shall have been ruled as irrelevant.



ANDREI GROMYKO: PORTRAIT OF A RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT

BY SERGE FLIEGERS

WHEN Franklin Roosevelt died, Soviet Ambassador Andrei Andreievich Gromyko received an urgent cable from Stalin instructing him to personally place a wreath on the coffin. Gromyko was not told the purpose of this mission: he had no way of knowing whether it was a means of checking on the wild rumors then circulating about Roosevelt's sudden death or a sincere tribute to a fellow statesman. All that mattered to him, however, was that he had orders to carry out. He called the State Department's Chief of Protocol, Stanley Woodward, and informed him of Stalin's wishes.

Woodward called back several minutes later to report that no flowers were to be accepted save from close personal friends of the late President. This was at the special request of Mrs. Roosevelt and in accordance with her husband's previously expressed desires. Gromyko grunted, and called the Secretary of State himself, Edward R. Stettinius. "There must be

some mistake," he announced. "Premier Stalin asked me to personally put flowers on the coffin." Stettinius delicately tried to explain why this was impossible. Again Gromyko grunted. Five minutes later, a telephone call came through to the White House for Mrs. Roosevelt. "This is Ambassador Gromyko of the Soviet Union. Apparently it has not been well understood, but I have a request from Premier Stalin to put flowers on the coffin of your late husband." Mrs. Roosevelt finally did manage to convince him that it was impossible.

This story, a favorite of Washington's diplomatic corps, has never been entirely verified, but it provides a good illustration of the stubborn, uncompromising diplomacy introduced to Washington by Gromyko, recently appointed Senior Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Union. Although Washington's State Department Blue Book still lists heads of foreign missions as "His Excellency, E.E. & M.P." — Envoy Extraordi-

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nary and Minister Plenipotentiary — there is little of the Extraordinary or Plenipotentiary left in today's ambassadorial work. The radio and transatlantic telephone have, in many instances, reduced the envoy to the status of a messenger boy with an Oxford accent and a ready-reference brain. Today's diplomats are either veteran civil servants, like Britain's UN delegate Sir Alexander Cadogan, lawyers, like Dr. Ricardo Alfaro of Panama, or college professors, like Dr. Philip Jessup, our Security Council representative. In this respect, Andrei Gromyko, who taught at Moscow's famed Academy of Science, is not much unlike his diplomatic colleagues.

But in other respects, there are important differences. These differences are the result of careful planning in the USSR. Several years ago, it was decided to give up the ponderous, confidence-inspiring tactics of such men as goateed Ivan Maisky, who skilfully blended court etiquette and Communism during the fifteen years he served as Soviet Envoy to the Court of St. James. Also abandoned was the approach of suave, adaptable, polyglot Maxim Litvinov, who could talk to every man in his own accent.

Up came a different set of functionaries. Except when they are wearing their special, gaudy diplomatic uni-

forms — adorned with a gilded sword — these young men cat-foot around in plain, unfashionable clothes, and exhibit a grim, impersonal attitude to the world at large. They are tough and concentrated young men, trained to their very fingertips in carrying out orders from their superiors, without adding a single comma or modifying inflection of their own. Gromyko, the prototype of this "new Soviet man," has been one of the most successful of these diplomats. In ten years, mostly spent in the United States, he has managed to rise from the post of Embassy counselor to become one of the few men who plan Russia's foreign policy today. If the ailing Foreign Minister, Andrei Vishinsky, should die or be retired, Gromyko would be the logical man to replace him.

II

Gromyko is important because he has become the prismatic lens through which the Politburo sees the United States. During the past ten years, which he spent in Washington, New York, Lake Success, and the old Morgan estate near Great Neck, Long Island, he had ample opportunity to study our country and way of life; and his opinions are highly regarded in Moscow.

During this study, he learned to enjoy listening to the radio on Sunday

evenings, and regularly tuned in Walter Winchell, whom he not only dislikes, but fears as "a menace second only to the atomic bomb." He has been caught glancing at the funnies, although he claimed that he "failed to see their usefulness in organized society." He read as many American papers as he could find. He began this practice in order to learn the language, then continued out of interest. His favorites are the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Chicago Tribune* — all of which he read "to see what the opposition is up to." He also became an enthusiast of American slang. It is he who created the expression: "NO K" instead of "OK," although Molotov liked it so much he took credit for it himself.

On the whole, does Gromyko consider the United States to be "OK" or "NO K"?

Upon his recent departure from the States, Gromyko is said to have paid a special visit to the palatial rest home of Stalin in the Crimea in order to present his report on "ten years inside the USA." This report, according to presumably well-informed sources, concluded that a rapprochement between the United States and the Soviet Union is possible. According to some of these sources, it gave the following details on what Gromyko thinks about our country: He thinks we will use the atomic bomb against

Russia in case of war, but he does not think that we will ever attack Russia. (This is contrary to the opinion of other Kremlin braintrusters.) Gromyko does not believe in the effectiveness of imported Communism, as far as the States are concerned; he was one of the few Soviet officials who openly predicted a resounding defeat for Henry Wallace. He does think, however, that we are heading for a depression which might start us along the road to socialism, or perhaps to some American-made type of dictatorship. He has great respect for the American capitalist, whose aggressive spirit he understands and admires. It is with these capitalists, many of whom he saw in action in New York, that Gromyko believes Russia could do business. As for the American worker, Gromyko considers him to be buried under "his refrigerator, his television set, his union and his self-satisfaction."

When queried by George Barrett of the *New York Times* about his personal life, Gromyko coldly announced: "My *personality* does not interest me!"

Little is known about his personal life. It is as if he had "pulled a Gromyko" — walked out — on any reference material that might contain information about his early life. When this correspondent attempted to consult documents at the United Nations

official library, it was found that the entire Gromyko file had unaccountably disappeared. Even Gromyko's official UN biography, which is based on data supplied by the Soviet delegation, does not give his exact birth-date.

Actually, he was born on July 18, 1909, in a little village near Minsk called Gromyki, where nearly 90 per cent of the inhabitants are called Gromyko. The village is now part of the Byelo-Russian Soviet Socialist Republic, but privately Gromyko refers to himself as a Russian, not a Byelo-Russian. Nevertheless, when he uses his native language, his speech is heavy and hesitant, in contrast to the perfect diction and flamboyant oratory of his boss, Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky.

The two Andreis provide, in fact, a good illustration of the contrast between Old and New in the Soviet Union. Vishinsky, son of a bourgeois, has a wide literary background, speaks several languages, has traveled frequently, and has a varied education. Gromyko never traveled abroad prior to his trips to the States, confined his reading to textbooks and diplomatic reports, and didn't even know English at the time of his appointment to Washington, although he had picked up a little French.

His parents were semi-literate peasants. He grew up on a small farm with

his two brothers, both of whom, incidentally, were killed by the Germans during World War II. (This has engendered such an intense hatred for the Nazis in Gromyko that, when asking for the floor at Security Council sessions, he refuses to do so like other delegates, by raising his right hand. "It looks too much like the Nazi salute," he explains, and instead raises his left hand, with a pencil clutched in it.)

As soon as he had finished the standard schooling provided for all young Communists, Gromyko was singled out from among thousands of applicants to attend the Moscow Academy of Science, the Soviet Harvard. He refuses to elucidate whether his appointment was on the basis of competitive examinations or an unusual school record. The story goes that Soviet "youth specialists" looking at his file found him promising enough to be trained for membership in their "action aristocracy": a young man who had forsaken his private personality for the sake of his country and the Communist Party, a young man who did not even smoke or drink, or go out with girls. Today, Gromyko still doesn't smoke, except for an occasional cigarette after a tense meeting. He sometimes drinks a bottle of beer, and at rare intervals he will take a Manhattan cocktail. But he has never been seen to touch

vodka, Russia's traditional drink. This caused some embarrassment to the UN restaurant headwaiter, who ordered two cases of the potent liquor when he learned of Gromyko's appointment to the UN in 1946. The two cases are still there, intact.

After finishing his study at the Academy of Science, where he specialized from the beginning in foreign economic and political affairs, Gromyko was appointed lecturer at the Institute of Economics in the Russian capital. Through his interest in U. S. affairs, he met powerful Andrei Zhdanov, at that time Stalin's heir apparent. It is said that he became a protégé of Zhdanov's because he agreed with the latter's views on foreign policy. These included plans for a militant world Communist movement and strong-arm methods towards the West. In any case, a short while after his meeting with Zhdanov, Gromyko was appointed to the Narkomindel — Russia's Ministry of Foreign Affairs — and became head of the American desk, where policy towards the United States is formulated.

When war broke out in 1939, the young diplomat was quietly transferred to Washington and made Embassy counselor at the unprecedented age of 29. Four years later, Moscow astonished the world by recalling former Foreign Minister Maxim Litvinov, and replacing him with the

relatively unknown Gromyko, who thus became youngest major-power ambassador in our capital. Although he lived in virtual retirement, spoke only a few words of English, and shunned parties and press-conferences like the pest, Washington observers soon realized that they had a new type of Soviet diplomat before them. He was dubbed the "oldest young man in the world," and specialists prophesied a rapid cooling off in Soviet-American relations as a result of his appointment.

III

During his years in our country, Gromyko maintained his attitude of forbidding impassivity. He made no friends, even with other Soviet or satellite diplomats. The impression grew that this was another inscrutable Oriental whom no Westerner could understand, or, as New York Congressman Emmanuel Celler put it: "Beside him, the Sphinx looks like the Grand Central Information Booth during rush hour."

Yet for those who have watched him consistently over something like a decade, a definite personality pattern has emerged. The first thing that strikes any observer about Gromyko — and for that matter about most of his Soviet co-workers — is his intense suspicion. It is as if he were living on borrowed time. One of Gromyko's

wealthy American acquaintances once decided he would try to take the Russian's mind off politics, and sent him two tickets to Brock Pemberton's *Harvey*, a hit comedy about an alcoholic and his hilarious delirium. It contained about as much politics as a doctor's prescription. Before seeing it himself, Gromyko went to considerable trouble to procure a seat for an earlier performance, to which he dispatched his assistant, with instructions to see whether the play "might have any objectionable political meaning which could be construed as being endorsed by the presence of a Soviet Envoy."

He avoided social get-togethers almost entirely until he was finally ordered to attend more of them. As a first test of the new policy, he decided to go to a cocktail party given by the Foreign Press Association. The invitation read: "5 to 7 P.M." Correspondents eagerly waited around until 6:55 P.M., at which time the Ambassador walked in, shook hands with the host, refused a cocktail, looked at his watch, and remarked complacently: "Well, it is now two minutes to 7. Good night."

Gromyko's distrust of people goes so far that he has never used the telephone at Lake Success; he dispatches an aide whenever he wants something done. In the UN Restaurant, he had a tacit understanding that the head-

waiter would not sit other delegates at his table unless Gromyko gave him the nod. Usually, the rare nod was reserved for some "Iron Curtain" delegate with whom he had business. Towards other delegates, he exhibited a type of intense political snobbishness, chatting sometimes with representatives of the United States and the United Kingdom, completely disregarding most of the Latin-American and other small-country delegates, and keeping his dealings with UN employees to a minimum.

A certain amount of "necessary" cordiality was achieved with satellite diplomats, but even here there were limits. Shortly before he left the U.S., Gromyko decided to give a party for these "friendly" colleagues. They were invited to spend a Sunday afternoon at the rambling Morgan estate he occupied on Long Island, near Great Neck. They all arrived with their families, and spent a pleasantly informal afternoon on the green, taking dozens of photographs. Towards evening, Gromyko came out and quietly announced: "Please give me all your films. I will make sure that they are developed." The films may have been developed, at that . . . but Gromyko's guests never saw them again.

Even such "controlled" parties were rarely given by the head of the Soviet mission, who spends most of his time

working. Gromyko's aide was once asked what kind of a book his boss took to bed with him. The aide solemnly replied: "The budget report of the United Nations."

Practically every waking hour of his day is taken up by hard, intense, concentrated work, which, when he is in New York, starts around 7 A.M. He begins by going through the American papers and a copy of *Pravda*, specially flown from Moscow. He then studies his daily instructions, which are cabled to him during the night and decoded, typed and cross-indexed, by the "graveyard shift" of Soviet clerks at their delegation headquarters on Park Avenue.

Punctually at 10 A.M. he arrives at Lake Success, in a black limousine which does not bear the usual diplomatic or consular tag, but is unobtrusively numbered "SU (for Soviet Union) 2." He waits a while in a corner of the delegate's lounge until an aide informs him that "all are in"; he then strides quickly to his seat at the conference table. During Security Council sessions — which sometimes run uninterruptedly for four or five hours — Gromyko never leaves his seat, not even to refresh himself.

In committee meetings he has proved to be completely inflexible. One of his great advantages is that he not only knows the cumbersome, complicated UN parliamentary pro-

cedure by heart, but that he knows it by heart in three languages: Russian, English and French. Often, he has held some completely absurd and seemingly untenable Soviet position by the expedient of pulling an obscure rule of procedure out of a pocket of his mind. Whenever he attacks the subject of procedure, other delegates who have had both the legal and parliamentary experience he lacks, quickly scuttle for their little reference books.

When Committee meetings are over, Gromyko returns to his Park Avenue office, where his real job begins. The leader of a Soviet delegation is personally responsible to his superiors for everything the members of his mission do, and so Gromyko laboriously goes through every page of the enormous documentation involved in international work. In addition, he personally sends back the most detailed reports of any diplomat in this country. During the last session of the UN Assembly, he prepared a daily report on six committees, on the General Assembly, on the Security Council, and on corridor talks about lifting the Berlin blockade. This added up to about 120 pages a day, each of which he carefully read, checked, and initialed.

He is tough but fair with members of his delegation and others who have to work under him. Although he always speaks Russian in private, he has

become practically bilingual during his years in America. As Chairman of the Security Council, he will direct the proceedings in excellent English, then stop, announce: "I will now speak as head of the Soviet Delegation," and switch smoothly to Russian. Once, Gromyko came up against a young Russian-English translator who was completely flustered by his first appearance before the formidable "thunderer." He made heroic efforts to keep up with the complicated rhetoric, but finally blundered: "We should now have a moratorium on *arguments*." Gromyko stopped him: "I said that we should now have a moratorium on *armaments* — but yours was a fortunate slip of the tongue, young man." At the end of the session, he rose and complimented the translator, who, as a result of the incident, got an immediate promotion and salary increase.

IV

Gromyko himself would never be interested in a salary increase, unless it brought added power. And even then, he would not be conspicuous about riding his "horse of authority." His manners have changed little since he was advanced to the rank of Vice-Minister. He is one of the few Soviet diplomats who never wears his decorations, which include the Order of Lenin, even at diplomatic receptions.

His manner of dressing has become almost legendary. He possesses three suits. Two of these, one dark blue and one black, he wears alternately to all sessions of the UN, and to parties and functions. The third suit represents his one known personal caprice: it is a gabardine creation in brown, beautifully cut and draped according to the latest Fifth Avenue style. So far, he has worn it only once, on his birthday. On that day he showed up at the UN Atomic Energy Commission in a color symphony: brown suit, brown tie, brown socks, brown shoes, and light brown shirt. When he came in, everyone — delegates, secretaries, spectators — stopped abruptly, then applauded him loudly. On another occasion he was less fortunate. This writer once came upon him at a Washington reception hiding in embarrassment in a back room. He was incongruously clad in a pearl-gray dinner jacket sent to him by some ambitious outfitter. He never committed such a sartorial *faux pas* again.

Gromyko practically never goes to shows, balks at attending sports events, and has taken only two vacations since 1939. But like most of his compatriots, he has an almost child-like admiration for the movies. One of the few times Gromyko ever showed real enthusiasm was when this writer introduced him and Molotov to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who had come

to watch a session of the General Assembly in Flushing Meadows. Both men beamed, shook Fairbanks' hand vigorously, and proudly informed him that Stalin liked his action pictures. Gromyko's favorite picture was David Selznick's epic, *Gone With the Wind* (which, incidentally, the *Daily Worker* has consistently denounced as a piece of anti-Negro plutocratic propaganda).

During his stay in the United States, Gromyko acquired a typically American sense of humor, at least about some things. Once he was pressed by reporters with an embarrassing question: If Russia had the atomic bomb, would she share the secret with the United States? Gromyko remained grimly silent. To ease the atmosphere, Peter Kihss of the New York *Herald Tribune* cracked: "That's a \$64 question, Mr. Ambassador." Gromyko brightened visibly. "Yes, and I have lost the \$64, gentlemen," he announced, and stalked off.

On his last trip to the United States, he met Hector McNeill on the promenade deck of their ocean liner. The brilliant young British Minister of State had just finished putting the finishing touches to Atlantic Pact treaties. "Nice weather we're having," McNeill sociably remarked. "I hope it will last." "You *hope* the weather will last?" Gromyko asked. "I thought you had everything under control in the North Atlantic."

Even during the bitterest United Nations debates, he has shown flashes of heavy humor. Once, the American delegate, Senator Tom Connally, bent his tall frame over the table, and furiously pounded his fist on the board just in front of Gromyko's seat. The Russian did not bat an eye, calmly waited until Connally had finished, then announced with infuriating detachment: "I hope this conference table has been reinforced."

Gromyko has come to feel rather bitter over the general hostility towards him in this country. Once, trying to be amiable with the wife of a top-notch correspondent, he confided: "I think your husband is nice — but why does he write such lies about me? Why do all American journalists write such lies about me?" Another time he referred sarcastically to the New York *Times* as "a balanced newspaper — its reporting is half true and half false."

This querulous attitude extends even to the one admitted non-political passion in his life — fishing. When he was asked whether he had caught many fish during his expeditions into Long Island Sound, he replied: "Only four. Even the fish seem to be afraid of me." What Gromyko didn't add to his story was that, ashamed of his poor catch, he purchased some additional fish at the local market and brought them to his wife. The per-

spicacious Mme. Gromyko took the store fish and threw them into the garbage pail.

Gromyko has a happy and unruffled family life. Mme. Gromyko, imitating her husband's aloofness, is rarely seen at public functions, seldom goes out, and does not pal around with the wives of other diplomats. She is a cheerful, roly-poly creature, who worries intensely over her husband's health: she sent him warm underwear by plane to the San Francisco conference, when she heard of that city's changeable weather. Mme. Gromyko dresses out of style, though not enough so as to be noticeable. She often drops in at some exclusive Fifth Avenue store, explains to the sales girl in broken English what she needs, chooses the most expensive item, and walks away with it. She does the alterations herself.

Once, at a reception, Gromyko noticed that most of the diplomats' wives sported mink coats. He is reported to have muttered, "A Soviet diplomat's wife must never look shabby," and the next day he took his wife to one of New York's outstanding furriers. He carefully priced a mink coat and paid for it in cash (except for the sales and luxury taxes, from which he claimed diplomatic immunity).

Gromyko has two children, whom

he adores. His boy, Anatoli, is a gangling youth of sixteen who loves to ride with his father in the official limousine, and becomes almost ecstatic when a motorcycle cop with a screaming siren precedes them. A girl, Emilia, is ten years old and very pretty. Unlike her brother, she speaks no English at all, and is so shy that she hides when visitors enter their apartment. Both children were carefully isolated from American playmates of their age. Instead, they received a good Soviet education at the special school for Russian diplomats' children, located on New York's West Side.

Only with his wife and children does Gromyko have any real moments of relaxation. During his stay in Washington and New York, he would often take young Anatoli for long walks in the park. There he would emerge as the proud father, lovingly discoursing to his son on nature. He never discusses politics with his family.

Although Gromyko has done nothing to make himself personally popular in the UN — and this is putting it mildly — he has a lot of fans. He is an idol to the girls in the Soviet delegation, who secretly call him *Krasavitz Diplomat*, i.e., "Diplomat Beauty." Similarly, a contingent of American bobby-soxers visiting Lake Success once dubbed him, rather irrever-

ently, as "Diplomatic Dreamboat No. 1." Although he never answers his fan mail, he has always got a lot of it, from all over the United States. When he left Lake Success, attendance at the Security Council meetings slackened noticeably. The reasons for this seeming popularity are rather obscure. Gromyko has never given autographs, posed with little children, or received delegations from women's clubs, as many of his colleagues have done. In appearance, he reminds one faintly of a heavy-set, surly, and rather graceless James Mason. When he walks, he treads heavily on his size-twelve shoes, his toes pointed outward. When moving through a room he stares fixedly ahead, thus avoiding the necessity to nod or smile at others.

v

There is little doubt that Gromyko will eventually land somewhere very near the top of the Soviet "pyramid of power" unless he commits some grave tactical error. And this is unlikely, for he is not a careless man. He has out-distanced most of his contemporaries, mainly through fantastically hard work and through never taking the wrong side in an argument with his superiors.

Now he has come to a point in his career where few men in Russia are his superiors. He has almost reached

the policy-making stage, where he will have to start taking stands. And it is important for us to know what these stands will be.

A decade spent in the United States has made him highly qualified to talk about Soviet-American relations during "board-of-directors" meetings in the Kremlin. We know that our country has left a profound impression on him. He realizes, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that our military, industrial and moral strength is enormous.

As he stepped onto the outgoing boat in New York harbor a few months ago, he was involved in a rather revealing little episode. He gave a short interview in which he declared that "peace and understanding between the peoples of the Soviet Union and the United States is possible." As he started to turn away from the reporters, he saw the veteran UN correspondent, Alexander Gabriel. Arriving late on the scene, the latter noticed reporters scribbling excitedly, and thought Gromyko had made the long-awaited declaration on the atomic bomb. "Have you got an A-Bomb, and what are you going to do with it," Gabriel asked him frantically. The Russian shook his head: "I can't answer your question at present." Remembering Gromyko's tactics when voted down in some committee, Gabriel said jokingly,

"Mr. Minister, if you can't answer my question now, I reserve the right to put it to you again." Gromyko smiled broadly and patted the five-foot-tall correspondent on the back: "That, my American friend, is your *inherited* and *inalienable* right."

If Gromyko's report on the United States actually contains such Jeffersonian quotations (which is highly unlikely), there has so far been no action by the Politburo to indicate that it is brushing up on democratic philosophy. The Politburo's meetings are held in high secrecy, behind locked doors, at the end of corridors guarded by radar. Yet, we have one

way of knowing what action they will take. According to Stalin's foreign-affairs procedure, each new policy has its own executive officer. Litvinov headed a period of conciliation. Molotov — whose power is reportedly waning — started a reign of toughness in Russia's external relations. Andrei Gromyko would be the logical man to carry out a new "peace offensive."

But as Gromyko himself is said to have remarked in a rare, unguarded moment: "As far as the Soviet Union is concerned, there is only one kind of logic in foreign affairs — the logic of what is best for the Soviet Union."

WINTER FIELD

BY INEZ CLARK THORSON

Shorn of abundant harvest yield,
Shaken they stand in the winter field.

Garments rusty and rent of seam,
This . . . the end of a summer's dream.

Knobby of knees and elbows bent,
Cornstalks are women old and spent.

Empty of arm and brittle of bone,
Withered and sere they wait . . . alone.

Feet tight-caught in the frozen track,
Whispering, sighing, . . . looking back . . .

DISHONOR AMONG THIEVES

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

THE only trouble with the expression, "There is honor among thieves," is that thieves don't know it. Nor do policemen, prison officers, or others who come into contact with them. Undoubtedly, this ancient adage was coined by an honest man not familiar with the ways of thieves.

The plain truth is exactly the opposite. Instead of there being honor among the gentry who try to make a living by the sweat of other people's brows, a vast maze of plots, counterplots, double-crossings, framings and intrigues constantly envelops them as they gyp or sell each other out.

Obviously, were they honorable, their characteristic specimen, the stool pigeon, would scarcely exist. In practice, however, every detective in the land uses from two or three to several dozen of them — all eager to peddle information against their fellows for any advantage, however slight, which may accrue to them.

In my years of experience among

the criminal classes, I have come across many curious, frequently amusing, illustrations of how their so-called honor operates among crooks. One of these concerned a "can opener" (safecracker) who specialized in burglarizing post offices and stealing stamps.

The fence to whom he sold them allowed him 50 per cent of their value, so that, if he brought in \$5000 worth, he would get \$2500 in cash. This thief gave all his business to the one fence, and indeed he had an "honorable" reason for sticking to him. For he had found out where the latter concealed the stamps. The fence hid them, with others he happened to have in stock at the moment, in an old, unused stove in the basement.

So, after our honest thief sold and received the money for \$5000 worth, he would enter the place at night, steal back about \$1000 worth, sell them again for \$500, then enter the place once more and steal about half

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again as many, until the law of diminishing returns made further night visits unprofitable. His explanation to the fence for the decreasing number of stamps he offered was that, after he made a large haul, he always took a semi-vacation by "playing" the smaller nearby post offices.

The purchaser, who of course posed as an honest merchant, finally tumbled. The next time the "Indian giver" had stamps to sell, the fence asked him to come back in a few hours. He came back — into the arms of post office dicks, who, according to agreement, arrested him several blocks away.

If I were to make a guess — and it is a guess — I should say that there are more betrayals and frauds between fences and those who sell them their loot than between any other classes of criminals. The crook cheats his fence unconscionably, if he can get away with it. The fence, on his part, beats his customers down in every possible way, and doesn't hesitate a moment to turn them in when he no longer needs them, or when his own liberty is threatened.

One such case, told to me by Captain Wright, at the time head of the Secret Service in Baltimore, stands out in my mind as a classic. It concerns one Mullens,¹ a jewel thief who,

like all of his kind, looked forward to the day when he could make a super-haul and live like a gentleman for the rest of his life. Finally, he hit the big dough, as they always call it, by knocking off a store in Kansas City and lifting over \$100,000 worth of jewelry.

Making a clean getaway, he waited several months before deciding to push the swag. Then he made arrangements with another crook named Hugo Markham — whom he trusted as much as he trusted any of his profession — to meet a man entirely unknown to the police, who owned a small jewelry store and wasn't afraid to handle really big hot "ice."

Mullens, Markham and "Mr. Sweeney," the name under which Markham introduced him, met in a room in a swank hotel. Mullens drew forth a chamois bag and dumped the sparklers on the table. Mr. Sweeney examined them carefully. He saw they were genuine. He and Mullens argued over the price. The gems passed from hand to hand *after* Sweeney had admitted they were the real thing. Gradually the thief was able to make a dozen or so substitutions, shoving in paste imitations he had had made to look exactly like the real ones, and palming the genuine gems until he could take out his handkerchief, presumably blow his nose, and slip the handkerchief back

¹Here and elsewhere in this article, criminals have been given fictitious names. — J. F. F.

in his pocket — with the genuine stones.

The price finally agreed upon was \$27,500, practically all of it in twenty- and fifty-dollar bills. The fence produced a bottle. The three men had a drink, wished each other luck, and separated. Mullens left town immediately. He didn't want to be anywhere around when Sweeney found that he had a considerable amount of paste jewelry on his hands.

Three days later, Los Angeles was honored with Mr. Mullens' presence. Two men, who introduced themselves as operatives of the United States Secret Service, laid heavy hands on the now gentleman-of-leisure as he alighted from the train. They told him they wanted to have a little chat with him. Mullens couldn't get it. The United States Secret Service had nothing to do with jewel robberies. What could they possibly want with him?

He soon found out. About three quarters of the bills "Mr. Sweeney" had given him were counterfeit. They were even more counterfeit than the phony gems he had slipped into the loot. For *they* were worth a dollar or two, while the only thing the bills could buy was ten to fifteen years in the clink.

Mullens was in quite a spot. He could either take the rap for counterfeiting, or he could tell where he had

got the bills and thus admit the jewel robbery. He took the "double finnis" for having counterfeit money in his possession. At the end of his term, he breathed the air of freedom for about three minutes. Then a Kansas City cop plastered a "bed plate" (detainer) on him for the jewel robbery. After identification by the jewelry store employees he pleaded guilty and went back to prison for a long term.

He never knew how the police pinned the Kansas City "heist" on him. But Captain Wright, who told me the story, did. It came through a mysterious call from an anonymous party. And Captain Wright was pretty sure, as were the other Secret Service men who worked on the case, that this party was in reality Mr. Sweeney, who feared the possible vengeance of the man he had rooked — and been rooked by — and who was taking this method of getting him out of the way for a long time. He thus followed the David Harum rule: "Do unto others as they would do unto you, only do it fust," which is far more characteristic of the predatory or anti-social classes than any precept based on honor.

II

I have had many similar experiences of "honor among thieves" since that time. One of the strangest began with a phone call which I received at

my home at six o'clock one morning while I was Deputy Commissioner of Correction of New York City. Awakened out of a sound sleep, it was at first difficult for me to grasp the import of the message: "I want to tip you off to something," a voice said. "Several men are being moved from the Raymond Street Jail to Sing Sing today. One of them is slated to burn. Some of his friends are going to wait around the gate and spring him."

The phone clicked off. I immediately got in touch with the jail officials and the Police Department. The latter sent a large detail of men and two police cars to escort the van to Sing Sing. No attempt at rescue was made.

I forgot all about this incident until, several years later, a detective I knew asked me if I recalled it. I told him I did, whereupon, after obtaining my promise that I would not reveal his name, he informed me he had learned through one of his spadies (stool pigeons) who had sent me the message. It was the "best pal" of the prisoner who was to be rescued, the "side kick" who had worked with him on many criminal enterprises, and who was one of those supposed to take part in the snatch. He had been so anxious to see his "buddy" electrocuted that he had tipped me off about the rescue plot. Why? Because he coveted the condemned one's girl.

And he didn't want to take chances on losing her in the event his "friend" should regain his liberty.

When one of them wants to get rid of a hattie (high-class woman) or haybag (low-class one) of whom he is tired, the method he frequently uses is equally honorable. I was sitting in the dining room of the Planters Hotel in St. Louis some years ago, when a man who had been released from Leavenworth about a year before came over and sat down with me. In a few minutes, he had told me what he obviously considered a very amusing story, one which reflected great credit not only on his cleverness but also on his sense of humor.

Upon his release, he had taken up with a woman. After a while, he had grown tired of her and wanted to break loose. But not only was she insanely jealous, she also had friends in the underworld who knew how to use a rod or shiv (knife). My table companion admitted he had been afraid just to "throw her out," as he delicately put it. Hence his ingenious little plan.

The woman had a record as a booster (shoplifter), but had been "off the gun" (no longer stealing) while living with him. He kept thinking about that record, and what would happen to her if she were again caught boosting. So he arranged for her to get caught.

"She usually shopped at one place," he said. "So the next time she was going on a buying trip, I slips out to that store and buys two pairs of the most expensive silk stockings. Then when she leaves the apartment I follows her. Soon as I seen her go into the store I phones the dick there and tips him off. He picks her up and finds a pair of stockings held by the toe in each sleeve, which I had slipped in when I helped her on with her coat. He asks her for her sales slip, and of course she ain't got none. The bench nibs hands her a two-spot. Have a drink?"

While investigating the prisons of the country during Prohibition, I heard from inmates many boastful tales of how smart their mobs had been in double-crossing others — who, in all probability, were trying just as hard to double-cross them.

I was once a court witness in a case in which all the principal figures were bootleggers. During the trial one of these stories came out — to the vast amusement of the spectators and court officials. It originated in Savannah, a bootleg center at the time because it was on the coast and within easy running distance of the Bahamas, from which much illicit firewater was imported. Here a group of hi-jackers, who later became known as the "Red Dog Mob," decided to "take"

a well-known band of liquor merchants. They arranged with the latter to purchase an entire shipload of whisky. And they displayed ample cash to show they were able to do it. What they really intended to do, however, was to go down to the ship, a small schooner, ostensibly for the purpose of counting the barrels and examining the product to see if it was up to par, and then to stick up the potential sellers, seize the schooner and sail it to Charleston for unloading.

The plan worked perfectly. The "Red Dog" boys came down to the dock when the schooner arrived, counted the kegs carefully, opened the bunghole of each to make sure it contained liquor of the agreed quality, tested some of it to see if it burned properly, and announced they were satisfied. But instead of handing over the money, they produced rods, bound and gagged the owners, dumped them ashore, and then, roaring with laughter, turned the nose of the little ship northward. On the way to Charleston a storm broke. The little vessel pitched and tossed. Some of the deck lashings tore loose and the kegs smacked against each other. One of them broke open.

The storm passed, and the still-jubilant crew began to put things to rights. When they examined the broken keg they realized something

was wrong. Hastily they opened another keg. And then another, and another. Finally the appalling truth overwhelmed them. Every keg was filled with water, except for a small separated portion under the bung-hole, which contained a pint of very good whisky! The members of the other mob, bound and gagged as they were, must have laughed to themselves as they lay there on the dock. For they knew that the men to whom they had expected to sell the "liquor" would test it by removing each bung — and they had prepared for just such a contingency.

It was a crestfallen band of hijackers who put in at Charleston. But they were even more dejected when the heavy hand of Uncle Sam was laid on their shoulders for the theft of the schooner — which the other mob had stolen at Miami.

III

Where thieves are thickest, namely, in prisons, one soon finds out that to them "honor" is only a word in the dictionary. No inmate's possessions are safe if they are in a position where another one can get his hands on them, or, if not his hands, a stick with a hook at its end. It is not only in this incessant pilfering from each other, and in the graft they practice at each other's expense, that prisoners show how little truth there is in

the old adage, but in the manner in which they frame and double-cross their own kind in other ways. Such treacheries as planting knives and similar contraband in the cells of other inmates in order to win the good will of the officers with tip-offs are common in every penal institution. So also, where revenge or some other motive is the actuating force, are anonymous letters to Old Calamity (the deputy warden) warning him that a certain inmate is framing a getaway — so that the informer can apply for his cushy job when he is pulled off it — and innumerable other mean little plots involving inmates whom the plotter scarcely knows.

And the framing of "best pals" flourishes here just as it does on the outside. An unusually spectacular instance was related to me by Loney J. Fletcher, formerly deputy warden of the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta, and, incidentally, one of the cleverest detectives I have ever met. The story concerned two yeggs, Adams and Coltrane, who came to the institution for ten years apiece for robbing a national bank of about \$40,000. Both had been speedily caught and convicted. They did not deny they had hidden the money but refused to tell where it was, and the most intensive efforts of the Federal officials had failed to bring it to light.

The two men proved "model pris-

oners." They worked hard, uncomplainingly carried out all the tasks assigned to them, and obeyed the rules. Then Fletcher began receiving anonymous notes about Adams, charging that he was secretly engaged in a get-away plot, that he was trying to smuggle in a gun, that he intended to assault Guard Morrison, and that he was engaged in other dangerous rascalities. The investigation which Fletcher made convinced him there was no truth in these reports, and that some enemy of Adams was writing the anonymous communications.

Then Adams, while lying asleep in his bunk, was slugged by some blunt instrument and given a brain concussion. In examining the wound Fletcher found a small silver-like sliver in the matted hair and blood. His next move was to go over the purchases made by Coltrane from the inmates' commissary. Fletcher suspected him because of his extended experience with "honor among thieves," particularly that between "best pals." He found that Coltrane, about three months before, had changed from one brand of smoking tobacco to another. That was enough to crystallize the deputy's suspicions. He sent for Coltrane.

"You and Adams are pretty good friends, aren't you?" he asked.

"Sure. I'd like to get the guy who socked him. How's he getting along?"

"Pretty well. He'll have to stay in

the hospital a month or two and his time's up in two weeks. Yours is too, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, April 16. I hate to go out without him."

"Well," the deputy said, "maybe you won't have to worry about that."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I can get you two or three additional years for slugging him."

"What are you talking about?" Coltrane shouted. "You mean to say that I ——"

"Sure," the deputy interrupted. "I found a little piece of tinfoil in his hair. Then I looked up your purchases from the commissary and found you had switched several months ago from a brand of tobacco wrapped in glazed paper to one wrapped in tinfoil. And I know what you fellows use tinfoil for — to make a blackjack. I don't know how you managed to hit Adams while he was inside his cell, but I assume you tied the blackjack to a stick."

"That's ridiculous!" Coltrane exclaimed. "Why should I slug Adams? He and I have been pals for years."

"Sure you have. But money parts even the best of pals."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that you couldn't bear to split two ways that forty grand you've got hidden. So you sent in a

lot of notes about him, hoping I'd take some of his good time away so that you could get out a few days before him and collar all the swag yourself. When that didn't work, you waited until his time was almost in and then slugged him, so that, even if he wasn't killed, he'd be kept in the hospital after his time expired."

Coltrane remained silent. The deputy went on: "Now, if I were to bring this case against you for slugging Adams, he'd get out two or three years before you. And maybe *he'd* get the idea it was foolish to split that money two ways. But, under certain circumstances, I might forget all about the slugging."

"What circumstances?" the discomfited double-crosser queried sullenly.

"That you tell me where that money is hidden. Or maybe I'd let Adams know how you tried to frame him. He might not like it — might even take a shot at you when he gets out. But if you told me where the money is, well, maybe —" Fletcher's voice trailed off. He smiled meaningfully.

Coltrane told and the money was recovered. His loyalty was such that he repeatedly double-crossed his best pal, then slugged him, and finally revealed where the money was because he couldn't bear the thought of his buddy getting any of it. Judging

others by himself — which most thieves do — he was sure that if Adams saw the cash first, he would never see either.

Holding out on the proceeds of a robbery is another of the perennial perfidies in which the plundering brotherhood engage. Innumerable lethal feuds have sprung up between "pals" who scattered after a successful heist when the one entrusted with the loot failed to turn over for the divvy anything like the amount which the newspapers announced had been stolen. In the Schoelkopf gem robbery in New York, for instance, it was disclosed that the member of the mob who handled the swag divided up \$15,000 worth less than had actually been stolen. So familiar are the police with this integrity among thugs that they often "needle" a captured gang member about others holding out on him, in order to arouse his ire against his fellows. They have more than once planted items in the newspapers for this purpose.

When several are caught in a murder, in nine cases out of ten each will claim another did the actual killing, that he pleaded with his companions not to use violence, and so on. And when snagged in a heist, each will insist that he only acted as lookout while the others did the looting.

Sure there's honor among thieves. But it's mighty hard to find.

WOMEN AND FICTION

BY J. DONALD ADAMS

NO STATISTICS, so far as I am aware, are available, but it would be interesting to know just how large a proportion of the novelists writing in the United States today are women. Certainly half; perhaps more. If you glance at the best-seller lists for almost any month, you are reasonably sure to find as many women as men listed under the fiction heading. As I write, the week's listing in the *New York Times Book Review*, naming twelve novels currently leading in sales, shows six women novelists and six men. The bulk of non-fiction, whether on the best-seller lists or off, is still written by men, but the feminine invasion in the fields of biography, history, world affairs, science, and so on, steadily grows in strength.

Probably the best-known contemporary writer in the field of anthropology today is a woman, Margaret Mead; the best-known popularizer of modern psychology is Dr. Karen Horney. Two of the keenest minds

and most expressive pens in the field of literary criticism belong to Rebecca West and Mary Colum. High on the list of economists who can use words as well as graphs is the name of Barbara Ward, one of the editors of the world's foremost periodical in its field, the *Economist* of London, and the author of a current almost-best-seller about world affairs. The Pulitzer awards for biography in 1947 and 1948 went to women: Linnie Marsh Wolfe for her life of John Muir, and Margaret Clapp for her *Forgotten First Citizen: John Bigelow*.

But it is in fiction that the women have made themselves chiefly felt. They have, of course, long outnumbered men as readers of novels; and now, by all the signs and portents, they are well on their way to becoming the novel's chief, though not necessarily its most eminent, producers. Even in those fictional fields where one might reasonably expect men to predominate — in the mys-

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tery and the Western story, for example — women have been coming increasingly to the fore. The names of Dorothy Sayers and Agatha Christie, to mention but two outstanding concocters of the whodunit, are on a par with those of any man; one of the most fertile and skillful of the writers in the cactus and corral genre signed herself B. M. Bower; and even the horror story has its feminine practitioners. But perhaps these facts are not so strange, considering that there have been almost as many famous and devilishly efficient female murderers as men.

For a long time now, women have disported themselves in the field of the historical novel, and they have themselves contributed not a few of those high-bosomed hussies who have been recently taking the center of the stage in our historical fiction. Was it not, indeed, a personable young woman named Kathleen Winsor who gave the hard-dying wave a new impetus with her *Forever Amber*, as it was a far more literate and historically-minded member of her sex, Margaret Mitchell, who wrote the most readable of Civil War romances, commonly referred to as GWTW? And another, Esther Forbes, who, for *The Running of the Tide*, has been acclaimed as one of those to lift the historical novel back to its rightful place as a commendable form of fiction?

Now there is nothing new, certainly, about the *ability* of women to write fiction. Among all the arts, the one in which they have long achieved the greatest distinction is the art of the novel. There have been good, and even great, women poets, from Sappho down to Edith Sitwell, but there is little doubt, I think, that an even more imposing roster can be made from the novelists. Their record is more impressive by far in the literary arts than in other creative fields — using the adjective in a strictly limited sense. It would be, for example, a simple matter to list many good painters and sculptors among women, but impossible to name one of unquestionably first rank. There has never been a great woman composer, a great woman architect.

II

Women's eminence in fiction goes back a long time. They were among the first writers of one of the earliest forms of fiction — that same field in which their recent exploits have just been noted — the historical romance. A Frenchwoman, Madeleine de Scudéry, living in the seventeenth century, wrote the best-known tale of this kind in her time. And what literary historians like to describe as the first psychological novel was Madame de la Fayette's *La Princesse de Clèves*, published in 1678. This is the book to

which Somerset Maugham recently referred as one which any Frenchman, drawing up a list of the world's best novels, would unhesitatingly include. It is a curious fact, incidentally, that in spite of this pioneering of theirs in fiction, the number of Frenchwomen who have since distinguished themselves in the novel is far fewer than the English and ourselves can show — and I am not forgetting either George Sand in the past or Colette in the present. Finally, it was a woman, Aphra Behn, who in the seventeenth century, wrote what has been called the first humanitarian novel in English.

My mention of these facts is merely to remind you that women, although in fewer numbers than now, have always played an important part in the writing of fiction. And after all, why not? Fiction's chief concern, aside from its primary function of telling a story, is with the relations of human beings to one another — and have not these relations always been a prime interest of women, whatever their degree of culture or their place in the social scale? Might not one even make out a good case for the proposition that more women than men (excluding, of course, the natural politicians) are interested in people as people? And isn't the capacity for sympathetic understanding generally conceived of as being stronger in the

average woman than in the average male? — and isn't that capacity a very important factor in the writing of psychologically sound fiction?

It is true, perhaps, that this capacity for sympathy (not always, one must admit, generously extended toward members of her own sex) is an asset to the woman novelist only up to a certain point, beyond which it becomes a handicap. For it may be argued with more than a little cogency that the majority of women are unable to see men objectively, particularly if their emotions are involved. And since so much of fiction that deals with the relations between men and women has a strong autobiographical base, the emotional factor may often play too much a part in the woman novelist's handling of her male characters. I once heard a successful popular woman novelist maintain this point of view: her argument was that men, speaking generally, were able to pass through their relationships with women relatively unscathed, because so much of their inner lives, their compulsions and drives, remain independent of the sexual relationship. Consequently, in their fiction, they are better able to portray the opposite sex as it actually is. Women, on the other hand, whose identification with the object of their love is a so much deeper, life-embracing experience, are more likely to be-

tray in their fiction their fuller emotional involvement.

No mature person should ever have to be reminded that no generalizations are more to be mistrusted than those which are frequently made about the nature of men versus the nature of women. Certainly, one could compile a formidable list of male novelists, beginning with Scott and coming down to Sinclair Lewis, who have been prevailingly inept in their characterizations of women. I even suspect that it might prove more impressive than a similar list of women novelists whose fiction proves them incapable of penetrating the recesses of masculine character.

It is incontrovertibly true that, so far, the greatest novelists have been men — and I am thinking now, of course, of the giants — Balzac and Dickens, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy (nor am I, with a conciliatory bow to the Janeites, forgetting a woman named Austen). But wherever you have a man of supreme ability in the novel you have a man whose mentality and temperament contain certain so-called feminine traits, especially the qualities of intuition and sympathy that we ordinarily associate with the more realistic sex. These, combined with some of the qualities in which men are commonly considered as stronger — logic, constructive power, imaginative grasp, emotional

detachment — have made it possible for men to occupy the first rank.

A novelist like Tolstoy was able, like Shakespeare, to write about women with as much understanding as he did about men, because, although he was certainly no member of an indeterminate sex, but, on the contrary, a lusty lover of women, there were these feminine components in his mentality and nature. I think, as a matter of fact, that you will find this tincture of the feminine in almost every supreme artist, whether in fiction or in any other of the arts — though it is doubtful whether it applies in comparable degree to the great composers or architects, or even to the great painters.

III

But how often, among men novelists less ambidextrously gifted than Tolstoy, are the feminine characters mere projections of some ideally visioned creature, some impossible dream girl whose phantom is being pursued in life, just as in fiction, from the time of the first adolescent stirrings! You will find this almost always true of those writers whom we regard as outstandingly masculine, the writers whose appeal is regarded as primarily to men — the Fieldings, the Scotts, the Kiplings, the Lewises and the Hemingways. Their women characters are not seen from the in-

side, but from the plane of very self-conscious maleness. As I intimated before, a pretty good case could be made for the contention that, with some exceptions, women novelists have been more perceptive in their handling of male characters than have men in their portraits of women. And once again, is it after all strange that this should be so? Women, from the time of the cave-dwellers, have made the study of the opposite sex one of their chief occupations; they had to, in self-defense, if for no other reason. Men, on the other hand, unless possessed of natural understanding, like Tolstoy, have been content to look down from their assured positions of male superiority and to shake their heads over the incomprehensible behavior of the other sex.

Readers of Jane Austen always wonder how Jane, a spinster living a sheltered life in provincial England, and in a time when spinsterhood was a much more confined condition than it is today, came to know so much about the male. It was G. K. Chesterton who once pointed out (in that book full of acute perceptions, *The Victorian Age in Literature*) that when, in *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen has Darcy confessing his faults, and makes him say, "I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice *though not in theory*," she comes pretty close to setting down a complete confession

of the average intelligent human male.

But just to point up how treacherous is the kind of generalization I have been playing with — it is possible, granted the knowledge and skill with which Jane Austen wrote about men (she could not, of course, in her time, have told all the truth, even if she knew it), to instance other accomplished women novelists whose touch was much less sure. Take, for example, the case of Willa Cather, whose portraits of members of her own sex are so memorable. One has the feeling, in reading her, that she is handling men from a safe distance; she seldom gets deep under the skin, and is at her best, when portraying the male, if her subject is seen from far off, like her Archbishop in the old Southwest. Ellen Glasgow, on the other hand, knew as much as, and in some respects, I think, a little more than, Jane. She was especially adept in her drawing of aging men, and in all the work of her mature years, she wrote of the male sex completely without illusion. So, at times, did Edith Wharton, and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, whose best work deserves to be so much better known, had her moments of acute penetration. Three scenes of hers — one in *The Time of Man*, another in *The Great Meadow*, and a third in *My Heart and My Flesh*, in their deep understanding of male-female relationships, can stand with

the best that American or any other fiction can show. Jonas confessing his infidelity to Ellen in *The Time of Man*, Diony choosing between her new husband and the one given up for dead in *The Great Meadow*, Theodosia saying good-bye to Albert in *My Heart and My Flesh*, are masterly in their grasp of both masculine and feminine psychology.

IV

I incline to the belief that, aside from the masters, the Tolstoys and the Jameses, the masculine performance does not reach as high an average where the portraiture of women is concerned. Hawthorne's Hester is a wraith, and even Henry James' women, though delicately perceived, are bloodless creatures. What Melville could have done with them, we cannot judge, and they played but little part in the world of which Mark Twain wrote. Howells knew his way about in the female world, for, though not a supreme artist, he had the necessary sensibilities. Dreiser's women are merely objects of desire. Sinclair Lewis' most successful woman character, in my opinion, is not the appealing Leora of *Arrowsmith*, usually accorded first place in his gallery of women, but Fran Dodsworth, who, with the exception of Babbitt himself, closely followed by Sam Dodsworth, is to my mind his most fully

conceived character, man or woman.

As for the insistently masculine Mr. Hemingway, would you know Catherine Barclay of *A Farewell to Arms* if you met and talked with her through an afternoon? She is just the girl that Lieutenant Henry goes to bed with, and whose death genuinely stuns him at the end. That famous closing scene, in which Henry walks out into the rain, derives its power, I think, not from knowledge of the human heart, male or female, but from Hemingway's descriptive skill, unsurpassed since Kipling. And the cropped-head Spanish girl, the "little rabbit" of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* — is she anything more than a cuddling, trustful sleeping partner? Yet Pilar, strong as a man is strong and yet, in her own estimation at least, a woman made for men, is a memorable figure — the most outstanding portrait, it seems to me, in the entire Hemingway gallery.

Charles Angoff, several years ago, wrote an essay in support of the thesis that American fiction had failed to produce a single memorable woman character. [*North American Review*, Spring 1939.] Even at the time it was written, I think he pushed his thesis too hard; nevertheless, he put his finger on one of the fundamental weaknesses of the American novel, particularly as it has been written during recent years. So far, at

least, as the men novelists are concerned, may not the explanation for this deficiency lie in the failure of so many American men to arrive at emotional maturity? — a subject which, in its relation to our literature, I discussed at some length in *The Shape of Books to Come*. Therein, I am confident, rests one great advantage which the European writer has had, during recent decades, at least, over the American. The prolonged boyishness of our men is an engaging trait, in some respects, but it is assuredly not the firmest foundation on which to create an American fiction based on a sound understanding of one of life's most powerful forces — the relationship between the sexes.

The late Virginia Woolf had a theory, which she set forth in *A Room of Her Own*, that too many men novelists in our time were writing with only the male side of their brains. (It is true, of course, that some have no other.) She ascribed this to the fact that we are living in an extraordinarily sex-conscious period, and that as a result, virility has become self-conscious. Mrs. Woolf was not writing with Americans particularly in mind, but the fact remains that the sex-consciousness to which she referred appears in this country in a more intensified form than it does in any other.

Mrs. Woolf's contention sounds

plausible, and yet, if that is really the case — I mean if the male writer's reaction to what is unquestionably the most sex-conscious period in history is what Virginia Woolf thought it to be — shouldn't we find the reverse of the picture true, and women novelists striving to be feminine at all costs? That, however, hardly seems to be the case. In fact, some of our young women novelists appear to be making rather a determined effort to write as much like men as possible.

The whole question, it seems to me, is closely bound up with the crucial state of the relations between the sexes in our day, and, more than anything else, perhaps, with the dilemma in which modern woman finds herself, caught as she is between the difficulties created by the feminist revolution and her need to realize more fully than she can today her instinctual drives as a woman. Men and women stand today at a kind of crossroads in their relationship; out of that crisis comes Mr. Thurber's war between the sexes.

Woman won't and probably can't go back to the safe but irksome Victorian enclosure; she is faced with finding the middle path, if any. And all that inner turmoil, from which no thinking woman in our time is free, is necessarily reflected in the books she writes, particularly the novels.

HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES

BY JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

PHYSICIANS who try to explain *arteriosclerosis*, or hardening of the arteries, to their patients are apt to seize upon some simple mechanical analogy. They may compare the hardening of the blood vessels to the scale that deposits on the inside of water pipes. Or they may compare the structure of the vessels to soft and pliable rubber tubing. In this analogy, the process may be likened to the hardening and cracking of rubber with age. But as graphic as these analogies are, they oversimplify the facts about the human organism.

Actually, the development of *arteriosclerosis* is an exceedingly complicated business, so complicated, indeed, that pathologists and clinicians who have put in decades of study on the process are still in disagreement over many of the details. In the first place, arteries are not such simple structures as water pipes or pieces of tubing. True mechanical analogies are hard to find. The artery is a living tissue and, like other living structures, it shows considerable differentiation. For ex-

ample, the inner surface of an artery is lined by a smooth-as-silk cellular layer called the *intima*. In the middle of its cross-sectional structure one finds a heavier muscular layer called the *media*, which has the ability to contract and relax in much the same way that other muscles do. On its outside, there is a tough, fibrous layer, the *externa*, which serves to anchor the vessel along its course. Contrary to what one might anticipate, it is not the outer layer that is primarily involved in the hardening process. Rather, it is the *intima* and the *media*.

Technically, there are three kinds of hardening of the arteries. Two of these shall not concern us here, since they are relatively rare. The third kind, the kind that is recognized in common parlance as hardening of the arteries, is technically spoken of as *atherosclerosis*. Students who are familiar with Greek but unfamiliar with pathology will be at a loss to understand why the prefix, *athere*, which means *porridge*, was attached

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to the suffix meaning *hardening* to coin this involved medical term. Actually, however, the term describes what happens quite vividly. There is a mushy deterioration of the inner lining of the arteries before they are hardened by deposits of lime-like salts within their walls. At first, in the earliest stages of the process, localized areas of softening appear in the *intima*; this is followed later by calcification and the hardening process that is commonly recognized.

Atherosclerosis would not be so serious were it not for the fact that it often involves the vital blood vessels of the heart and brain. These organs can be damaged by any one of three different mechanisms or a combination of them. For example, as the blood vessel hardens, its calibre becomes smaller and it loses its flexibility. This results in a reduction of blood passing through the vessel, so that the organ that it fed fails to get enough nutrition. In the brain, this may produce areas of softening. Thus, the memory defects of older persons are often the consequence of localized areas of softening within the brain tissue. Failure of the heart muscle to get enough nutrition may cause pain, particularly on exertion, the pain that is recognized as *angina pectoris*. Even in the leg muscles, an inadequate blood supply due to atherosclerosis may cause pain on walking.

Even more serious consequences may take place when the blood vessels begin to narrow. If the blood moves sluggishly through an artery, it has a greater tendency to clot, and when a clot develops, the blood supply is cut off in much the same way as an automobile stops when the fuel line is plugged. This clotting of the blood is called *thrombosis*, and, if the coronary vessels of the heart are affected, the patient is a victim of *coronary thrombosis*. If the vessels of the brain are concerned, the condition is called *cerebral thrombosis*. Just how serious the consequences are depends, of course, on the extent of the damage done. If a large blood vessel is occluded by a clot, a sizable area of the brain or heart may become devitalized. In the heart, this may cause instant death; in the brain, it may result in coma and death, or in a "shock," with its residual paralysis. Just as often, small sections of the heart or brain may suffer from mild degrees of thrombosis, with the patient hardly aware of their presence. For years, doctors have recognized cases of so-called "silent coronary thrombosis," and, more recently, they have come to appreciate how often atherosclerosis of the vessels of the brain, with its attendant clots and small hemorrhages, causes personality defects in the old and the aging.

Elderly patients have themselves

often observed that feebleness and weakness often followed a dizzy spell, and have come to the doctor in the belief that they might have had a small stroke. According to Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, specialist at the Mayo Clinic, such patients are more often right than wrong. "One of the commonest diseases of man," he says, "is the slow petering-out toward the end of life, and one of the commonest reasons for such petering-out is the gradual destruction of parts of the brain by repeated thromboses of small sclerotic vessels." He cites the case of one patient, a man who had three small strokes at the age of 57. Although these strokes did not cripple his muscles or speech, they so crippled him mentally that he had to retire from business. He became childish, very forgetful, and a problem in his home, but lived on in this state to the age of 87. Dr. Alvarez points out that because the sclerosis of the cerebral vessels was a very gradual process, this man really spent "thirty years a-dying."

II

The relationship between arteriosclerosis and high blood pressure is not yet completely clear. There are probably many causes of high blood pressure, and hardening of the arteries is but one of them. In patients who have high blood pressure, whatever the

reason, sclerosis of the vessels will eventually take place if the high pressure persists long enough. On the other hand, mild and moderate degrees of sclerosis are possible with practically no changes in blood-pressure readings. Generally speaking, however, as the sclerosis increases with age, the blood pressure rises correspondingly.

One of the symptoms doctors may use in diagnosing a small stroke is a sudden fall in blood pressure in an arteriosclerotic patient whose pressure had been high. The pressure may or may not go up again. Another clue is a sudden loss in weight in an elderly person. Some patients may lose as much as ninety pounds, although a more common loss is forty to fifty pounds. They may have vague pains and peculiar sensations in the chest or abdomen that are undiagnosable by X-rays or other laboratory means. They may have some difficulty in speech, some difficulty in swallowing, or they may feel giddy. Most crucial, diagnostically, is a change in personality. This last point, according to Dr. Alvarez, is of greatest help. "For instance," says this eminent diagnostician, "a man who all his life has been a tower of strength to his family, always kindly, thoughtful and considerate, and never for a moment complaining or thinking of himself, suddenly becomes a querulous invalid

who talks of nothing but his discomforts and his bowels that don't move as they used to. No longer can his relatives come to him with their troubles; he has too many of his own." This patient not only has cerebral arteriosclerosis but also one of its complications — small thromboses.

Like hardening of the vessels of the brain, sclerosis of the vessels of the heart — the coronary vessels — may have frightful consequences. Coronary arteriosclerosis is the single leading cause of death today. Every doctor knows that the disease likely to kill him is thrombosis of the vessels of his heart. Of the 3040 physicians who died in the United States in 1947, approximately one in three died of this condition. Yet even the mortality statistics underestimate the seriousness of the problem. To the death toll there must be added the years of disability that result when the thrombosis does not kill but merely wounds. No accurate estimates are available of the numbers of persons who have had to retire prematurely from an active business or professional life because of this heart ailment.

It would be a mistake to believe that hardening of the arteries is simply a part of the general process of aging, and to accept it as such with resignation. On the contrary, scientists are quick to point out that many octogenarians and nonagenari-

ans die with a minimal amount of sclerosis in their blood vessels, whereas fatal amounts are not infrequently noted in early youth and even childhood. According to a recent report from the Army Pathology Department, 400 cases of coronary thrombosis (usually secondary to sclerosis) were observed in soldiers between the ages of 19 and 39, who certainly cannot be regarded as old men. To regard hardening of the arteries as a phenomenon inevitably associated with the process of growing old would be deplorable. "The fatalistic attitude toward arteriosclerosis has greatly retarded progress in the study of this disease," says Dr. Alfred Steiner of the Medical Research Service of Columbia University.

Until recently, experimental data on the origin of arteriosclerosis were meager, with theories and "hunches" rampant. Physicians who were unwilling to accept the doctrine of aging blamed such factors as strain and overwork, high blood pressure, infections of one sort or another, dietary excesses or deficiencies, and hypothetical disturbances of metabolism. Certain poisons were suspected, and even the old stand-bys, alcohol and tobacco, were incriminated. Heredity was known to play an important rôle in some strange, unexplained fashion, but heredity, as such, was obviously not the whole answer to what ap-

peared to be an extremely complex problem. Yet today the clue to the entire enigma of atherosclerosis is believed by many authorities to lie with a single, simple, chemical compound. That chemical is *cholesterol*.

III

Those who remember their courses in advanced college chemistry will readily identify cholesterol as an alcohol of high molecular weight, having the formula $C_{27}H_{46}OH$. It is a common chemical, so common indeed that it is believed to be an essential constituent of every living cell. It is found in variable amounts in practically all the tissues of the body and is particularly abundant in brain and nerve tissue and in certain tumors. Some gallstones are practically pure cholesterol concretions. Lanolin, which is the soothing base of many ointments, is simply a mixture of cholesterol and certain fatty acids. Cholesterol or other sterols closely related to it can be found in such diverse places as fish oils, plant oils and bird feathers. Ergosterol, a chemical cousin of cholesterol, is important medically because it is a common source of artificial vitamin D. To a greater or lesser extent, cholesterol is a vital part of our life and we can never completely escape it. It is impossible to remove it completely from our environment; yet, when it behaves pathologically,

it may become a threat to life and health.

The notion that cholesterol is the villain in the piece was first suggested by a group of Russian investigators, particularly by a Dr. N. Anitschkoff, as far back as 1913. The first significant fact observed was that the mushy, porridge-like depositions in the intima of the arteries were chemically quite similar to, if not identical with, cholesterol. It was also found that arteriosclerosis could be created experimentally in rabbits by the simple expedient of feeding them suitable amounts of this same compound. Most remarkable was the observation that there was something of a direct relationship between the amount of cholesterol fed and the severity of the arterial hardening. The more cholesterol, the more extensive the vascular damage, and the greater the degree of arteriosclerosis.

American researchers were at first skeptical of the conclusions and inferences drawn from these experiments. It was argued, for example, that cholesterol was a poison for rabbits, and that what the Russians had done was simply to create an artificial "cholesterol disease of rabbits," much as they might have done by feeding the animals some other poison in small doses. This "rabbit disease," it was further contended, had no relationship to arteriosclerosis as it occurs in

humans, and any apparent similarity between the two was pure coincidence. Furthermore, if cholesterol were the causative agent, why had it been impossible to create the disease by feeding this chemical to other animals, especially to omnivorous animals like the dog, rat, cat or monkey? Cholesterol was not a normal constituent in the diet of rabbits; therefore, any conclusions regarding its rôle as the cause of arteriosclerosis in humans appeared to be vitiated.

The next significant step in our understanding of arteriosclerosis came about as the result of the work of a brilliant Boston pathologist, Dr. Timothy Leary. It was his work, perhaps more than anyone else's, that established the function of cholesterol on a sound pathological basis. During his many years of experience as medical examiner it had been his duty to investigate many cases of sudden and unexplained death. In the course of his investigations, he became impressed with the great number of cases in which hardening of the arteries was responsible. In one series of almost 3000 cases of sudden death, he found that approximately 90 per cent were due to arteriosclerosis.

Considerations of this sort led Dr. Leary to initiate his own experiments on rabbits. In addition to confirming much of the experimental work done by the Russians, Dr. Leary combined

his laboratory research with thorough and detailed studies of arteriosclerosis in all stages of the disease as it occurs in humans. From beginning to end, he was able to trace the sequence of events leading to the development of arteriosclerosis in the human body. He was able to show how particles of cholesterol pursue an amazing journey as they pass through the intestines and to the liver, where they are picked up by certain white cells, which in turn carry them through the lungs into general circulation. Dr. Leary was able to demonstrate, further, that these cells then bury themselves under the intima of the arteries, lie there and disintegrate, and attract calcium salts that ultimately cause the hardening. According to the evidence produced by Dr. Leary, the development of arteriosclerosis was involved and complicated. More recent evidence indicates that the process may be a good deal simpler, and may depend less on the presence of the white cells than Dr. Leary supposed. Nevertheless, much credit goes to him for calling attention to the fact that cholesterol in humans is as important as it is in rabbits.

Recently, a "trick" means was discovered for giving arteriosclerosis to dogs, thus removing a stumbling block to research that had existed for almost fifty years. All that is necessary to

lower the metabolism of the dog is to feed him a special drug called thiouracil. When the metabolism is lowered, it becomes possible to increase 'way above normal the amount of cholesterol circulating in the animal's blood by putting cholesterol in his diet. The dog, ordinarily refractory to cholesterol, now becomes susceptible to it, and the type of arteriosclerosis he develops is identical in almost every respect with the disease as it occurs in humans. Credit for this important discovery goes to Dr. Alfred Steiner and his colleagues at the Medical Research Service of Columbia University. Another method of inducing hardening of the arteries in chickens and other birds consists of treating them with large amounts of female sex hormones before feeding them cholesterol. Apparently, female sex hormones in these birds allows a higher-than-normal level of cholesterol to remain in their blood. The result, according to researchers at the Michael Reese Hospital, is arteriosclerosis.

Now that scientists have animals available for the production of arterial hardening, the next step is to determine what factors in humans contribute to similar changes, and what can be done to combat them. Of the many experiments that are now under way, mention of only one can be made here. It is known, for example,

that a simple chemical called *choline* is valuable in driving fat out of the liver in certain conditions. Can this same compound be given to patients with arteriosclerosis to prevent or retard the disease? Some preliminary work at Columbia University on rabbits and dogs indicates that this may be possible, although it is still far too early to make any positive statements.

IV

What about diet? Obesity and hardening of the arteries seem to go hand in hand, but can a diet low in cholesterol prevent the formation of atherosclerosis? Here, too, the evidence is merely suggestive. In Oriental countries, where the diet is composed chiefly of carbohydrates of vegetable origin, and is low in cholesterol and in proteins and calories, arteriosclerosis is far less common than it is among Westerners. Statistics of insurance companies also point up the fact that obesity favors the presence of advanced arteriosclerosis. The great majority of deaths in young people from coronary arteriosclerosis occurs in those who are overweight. On the other hand, if the blood is tested for its cholesterol content, one finds that the amount circulating is fairly constant, regardless of dietary intake and restrictions. One possible reason for this lies in the fact that the body can create cholesterol out of other food-

stuffs, such as proteins and carbohydrates. From a practical standpoint, we can only say this: while it is unwise to have a diet too rich in cholesterol, not very much can yet be accomplished by diet restrictions.

The rôle that alcohol plays in the prevention or the hastening of arteriosclerosis has been bitterly debated in medical circles. Dr. Timothy Leary has always maintained that alcohol retards the development of arteriosclerosis, basing his contention on the fact that many chronic alcoholics whom he had examined *post mortem* had shown surprisingly little in the way of atheromatous changes. One prominent cardiologist has often been quoted as advising those of his patients who could not stop smoking to go through life with a cigar in one hand and a highball in the other — the idea being that, if tobacco was harmful for patients with coronary sclerosis, alcohol was something of an antidote. Other cardiologists have regarded this advice as whimsy.

If alcohol does indeed retard the progress of arteriosclerosis, that fact should be discernible from a study of autopsy records of alcoholics and non-alcoholics. Such a study was recently completed at the Bellevue Hospital by Dr. Sigmund L. Wilens. It was found that there were two chief reasons for the failure of alcoholics to show as much arterial hardening as non-

alcoholics: (1) persons with chronic alcoholism usually die younger than non-alcoholics; and (2) alcoholics are rarely obese and they seldom have high blood pressure, diabetes, or any of the other conditions that tend to pre-dispose a person to atherosclerosis. Hence, it may be said that a substitution of alcohol for ordinary foods in the diet does not in itself have an appreciable effect on the development of atherosclerotic lesions. If the chronic inebriate does not die of hardening of the arteries, it is usually because he doesn't live long enough.

The treatment of arteriosclerosis by alcohol does not rest, then, on a very secure scientific foundation. The scientific evidence in favor of treating some patients with *thyroid glands* is, perhaps, more definite. Thiouracil, the drug that causes dogs to develop arteriosclerosis, depresses thyroid activity at the same time that it elevates blood cholesterol levels. Thyroid glands, on the other hand, speed up metabolism and decrease the amount of cholesterol in the blood. This treatment may stimulate the activity of the patient, which can be dangerous if there is some hardening of the coronary vessels. Some doctors have found it especially useful in those cases where atherosclerosis is present in patients with low metabolism.

Another useful drug in some cases of arterial hardening is *iodine*. Just

how iodine combats cholesterol deposits in the arteries is not known, but it is one of those old-time remedies that is periodically in and out of medical favor. At the present time, it is *in* favor. Dr. C. Charles Burlingame, Psychiatrist-in-Chief at the Institute of Living in Hartford, recently reported on the use of large doses of sodium iodide in cases of mental deterioration due to sclerosis of the vessels of the brain. He cited the case of a prominent jurist whose skull X-rays showed arteriosclerotic plaques and who was suffering from frequent hallucinations. "Under massive doses of sodium iodide given intravenously," said Dr. Burlingame, "his condition was cleared, and he returned to the bench to make some of the most brilliant decisions of his career." This was but one example of many, illustrating what iodine may accomplish in certain arteriosclerotic

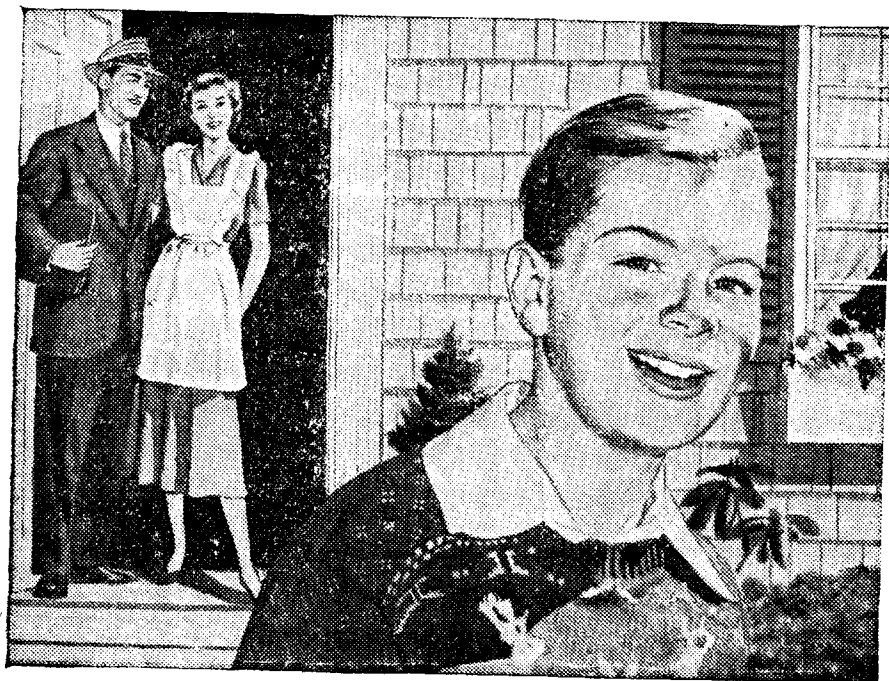
patients. Not all of them are "returned to the bench," but many are returned to a more comfortable and useful life.

Now that scientists are able to use several different kinds of experimental animals for work on arteriosclerosis, they may well clarify other riddles associated with this disease. For example, it is an established fact that diabetes and arteriosclerosis often go hand in hand, yet why this should be so is not known. The solution of this problem as it affects arteriosclerosis may also throw light on the cause of diabetes. The same may be true of cancer, since it is a fact that certain chemicals related closely to cholesterol may be causes of cancer. Is this just a peculiar coincidence, or is there some definite chemical and physiological association? Research on arteriosclerosis over the next few years may provide the answer.

PHRASE ORIGINS—52

PIKER: *This colloquial term for a niggardly person traces its genealogy directly back to a group of "poor whites" who migrated to California early in the last century from Pike County, Missouri. They established such an unenviable reputation for themselves in their adopted home that "piker" soon took its place in the vernacular as a synonym for anyone of petty, parsimonious ways. This meaning was reinforced by the confusion which arose with an existing word, "pike," derived from "turnpike," and applied at the time to a tramp or vagrant.*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN



READY FOR SCHOOL?

Very real progress has been made in protecting the health of America's school-age children.

The present mortality rate for children, who are 5 to 14 years of age, is only about one fourth of what it was in 1900. For example, since that date, the death rate for measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, and diphtheria combined has been reduced about 95 per cent.

While these achievements are noteworthy, there is still much to be done in improving child health. As an illustration, some authorities have found that about one child in every 25 of those they have examined has poor hearing, one in every 8 has a defect in

vision, while 8 out of every 10 have some tooth decay.

Such impairments often handicap a child at school, and may lead to lower marks and unhappiness. As physical defects may go unnoticed by parents, it is wise for children to have thorough medical and dental examinations before school starts.

These examinations may help reveal conditions requiring corrective treatment, and may also provide information as to the child's general level of health. As a result, the doctor may make various suggestions to help the child to keep in the best possible physical condition throughout the school year.



Children need a nourishing diet with plenty of "building foods" such as milk, fruit, vegetables, meat, and eggs, for growth and for strong bones.



Sufficient sleep is particularly important. Most children, between the ages of 5 and 12 years, should have about 12 hours sleep every night.



Regular exercise, out of doors if possible, helps develop muscles, improves posture, and stimulates the functioning of all parts of the body.



As either underweight or overweight may affect good health, it's wise to try to keep a child's weight about normal for his age and build.

Other information about the health of children may be found in Metropolitan's booklet, 99-L, entitled "Common Childhood Diseases." To get your free copy, just fill out and mail the coupon below.

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SENATOR DOUGLAS MEETS THE PRESS

Junior Senator from Illinois and a former professor of economics at the University of Chicago, Paul H. Douglas, in a few months, has forged to the forefront of the influential members of the Upper House of Congress. As a militant liberal, he speaks for a large segment of the Democratic party. In a recent broadcast of Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System in cooperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, he touched upon a number of national issues of prime importance. The broadcast is here reprinted slightly cut.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Senator Douglas, were Tom Reynolds of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, Peter Edson of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, Phelps Adams of the New York *Sun*, and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*. Albert Warner of Mutual presided.

SPIVAK: Senator Douglas, the President said in his report to Congress — and I quote — “It would be economic folly to ask budget cuts in a declining economy.” Do you agree with that?

DOUGLAS: I think it depends largely on the degree to which the economy is declining. If we were in a sharp business depression, I would favor an expansion of expenditures on public works to make good the decrease in private employment. But we are not yet in a depression, and it is not certain that we are going

to be in one. Therefore, I think it is well to eliminate waste, and not commit our reserves prematurely.

REYNOLDS: Well, Senator, the President says we’re not in a depression, but that it’s necessary to do some government spending in this sagging economy that we’re in now.

DOUGLAS: I would say that the economic forecasters have had such bad luck with their forecasts in the past that it is unsafe at the moment to say what is going to happen in the future.

WARNER: Senator, you an economist!

ADAMS: Senator, the President also says that it is the selfish interests which are trying to cut government expenditures. As one of the principal advocates of economy, what selfish interests are you serving?

DOUGLAS: I hope I’m not serving any

selfish interests, but I will say this — that there *are* some selfish interests who would like to eliminate all expenditures on public-power transmission lines, and upon a great many other social expenditures. They are seizing on the need for government economy as an excuse for putting the axe to much-needed public improvements. And I'm certainly not one of that group. I simply stand for the elimination of waste.

EDSON: Have you got some constructive ideas as to where expenses can be cut?

DOUGLAS: Yes. I think that nearly every government bureau is over-staffed, because there is no financial inducement for the head of a bureau to reduce the number of employees. On the contrary, in a great many units, men are promoted according to the number of those they have under them. I think we could effect a reduction in personnel of between 5 and 10 per cent in virtually every bureau, and not have essential services suffer in the slightest. And we could do this, moreover, not by firing people, but by failing to replace those who are separated.

REYNOLDS: But the President has emphasized that the regular expenditures of government amount only to about \$10 billion out of the \$42

billion budget. The bulk of the spending is in the \$32 billion connected with past wars, future preparations, international commitments, interest on the public debt, and so on. Do you think we can trim a considerable amount out of the defense appropriations?

DOUGLAS: Yes, I certainly do. The defense appropriation had contained within it an allowance of \$600 million for universal military training, which will not be carried into effect. And prices have fallen from 7 to 9 per cent since the budget was drawn up; therefore, an equal amount of material can be purchased for smaller dollar expenditures. There is surplus personnel in the Army and Navy. So that I think we can reduce military expenditures by at least \$1 billion, possibly more, without hurting national defense in the slightest.

WARNER: I might add that the Senate Appropriations Committee today cut one billion ten million dollars out of the bill as it came from the House of Representatives.

DOUGLAS: Well, I didn't know that, Mr. Warner, but you see that with my customary accuracy I am off by only 1 per cent. I had it a billion, you say a billion ten million, and so I'm 99 per cent accurate. That's even a higher rating than Drew Pearson gets!

ADAMS: Senator, you voted for some huge expenditures in the form of the housing bill, Federal aid to education, and other bills on President Truman's welfare program. Now, how do you expect to save \$3 billion if you vote for the big items of that kind, and then just try trimming the fat, as you call it, from these Federal bureaus?

DOUGLAS: I regard those expenditures as beneficial to the people of the United States. I am very proud of my vote for housing, which six years from now will call for a maximum expenditure by the Federal government of \$300 million a year, and which, in return, will clear large portions of our city slums and build 810,000 housing units for slum families. That'll be an investment in the manhood and family life of America.

ADAMS: Well, Senator, I'm sure that we could probably sit down here together and figure up \$50 billion worth of items that would be very helpful to the country. But doesn't there come a time when you have to say, "We can't have all of this luxury this year — we're going to have to put a little of it off till next year"? What about that?

DOUGLAS: We should trim the waste, but that doesn't mean we should eliminate all welfare items. It's a curious thing that the very people

who will vote for big "pork" appropriations for rivers and harbors, and for post offices, begin to object when you make a proposal to them to build houses for human beings. I say they're rationalizing their prejudices. These people were opposed to housing in a period of high prosperity because they said it would lead to inflation and would bid up the prices of materials. Now they're against it in a period of depression because they say you've got to balance the budget. That's a hypocritical argument. I don't accuse you of being a hypocrite . . .

ADAMS: Oh, well, that's quite all right!

DOUGLAS: . . . I merely say the argument is hypocritical.

EDSON: How about this foreign-aid program? Do you think anything could be cut out of that?

DOUGLAS: Yes. I think the foreign-aid program could be cut to the degree to which the price level has fallen since the estimates were originally prepared.

SPIVAK: Senator, do you think the new Taft labor bill that's passed the Senate is an improvement on the old Taft-Hartley Act?

DOUGLAS: It could hardly be worse. I do not like to speak of these labor acts in terms of virtue. I would say you could only speak of these acts

in terms of comparative badness. The Taft-Hartley Act was a fundamentally bad law. And all I can say of this bob-tailed Taft bill which passed through the Senate is that it's not quite as bad.

SPIVAK: You think it is a better bill, though?

DOUGLAS: I would say it is not as bad a bill.

SPIVAK: Are you for it or against it?

DOUGLAS: I voted against it.

SPIVAK: Do you think it is better to have the Taft-Hartley Act on the books than the improved, or not-quite-so-bad, new bill?

DOUGLAS: The choice we had was on the Thomas bill, which was a good bill, and the Taft bill. The Dixiecrats and Republicans knocked out the Thomas bill and put in this Taft bill. And the best that can be said of it is that it isn't quite as bad as the Taft-Hartley Act.

SPIVAK: But Senator, democracy is always a compromise. Isn't it better to have on the books a bill that isn't quite so bad?

DOUGLAS: I voted for the Thomas bill, which was better than the bob-tailed Taft bill.

SPIVAK: But Senator, if you don't vote for this new bob-tailed bill, as you call it, you're going to keep the Taft-Hartley Act, aren't you? Would you rather have that on the books than the new bill?

DOUGLAS: Well, that was not my choice. I preferred the Thomas bill. And I'll tell you why I voted against the Taft bill. The Taft bill has five or six features in it which strike at the very heart of collective bargaining. For example, it outlaws the closed shop even though the employers may wish to give the closed shop to the workers. It outlaws all forms of secondary boycotts, and says that workers outside a plant have no common interest with the workers inside a plant.

ADAMS: That's all true, Senator, but even so, you said it was better than, or not as bad as, the existing law. Now if you're really sincere in wanting to help labor, why not relieve them from some of what you think is oppression?

DOUGLAS: Well, we intend to keep on fighting until we get the Thomas bill. And we don't intend to anesthetize the conscience of America with a bad bill.

REYNOLDS: Senator, I'm curious about one point in the labor bill. As I understand it, you came forward with a proposition to balance off the requirement for workers to sign non-Communist affidavits by requiring employers to sign non-Communist —

DOUGLAS: That's correct. And non-fascist affidavits.

REYNOLDS: Don't you think it would have been simpler to balance it merely by having non-Communist affidavits for the worker versus the non-fascist affidavits for the employer?

DOUGLAS: Well, I would say there are some Communists among employers. I've heard that alleged. And there are probably some fascists among workers. I would say that it's desirable to eliminate both.

EDSON: Senator, do you think it is honest to have the President veto the Taft bill just so he can make the Taft-Hartley Act a political issue in the 1950 elections?

DOUGLAS: Well, if he vetoes the Taft bill, he won't be doing it for political reasons. If he should veto it, it would be simply because he would not want to chloroform the conscience of America on this issue. The Taft bill, by preventing employers from agreeing to the closed shop; by outlawing all forms of secondary boycott; by nationalizing the definition of what is coercion; by making unions suable for acts of its agents, even though those acts were not previously authorized or subsequently ratified; and by a series of other measures — gives to the employer who wants to use them the powers to break a union. And I don't think the President of the United States or

the liberals of the country want that. We gave the Republicans a chance to get a decent bill, when Senator Aiken and I and others presented some compromises, and they wouldn't accept them.

SPIVAK: Senator, you're against segregation in public housing, and yet when Senator Bricker proposed an anti-segregation amendment, you voted it down, because you knew it would kill the housing bill.

DOUGLAS: That's correct.

SPIVAK: In short, you compromised in order to get a better result.

DOUGLAS: Well, may I describe that vote for a moment? I've been criticized for that. But I knew that if there was a clause in the bill which provided that there should be no segregation in any housing project anywhere, then the Southerners, whom we had won around to voting for the housing bill, would have been compelled to vote against it, and we would have lost 25 to 30 votes on our side of the aisle.

SPIVAK: In short —

DOUGLAS: But on the other hand, Mr. Spivak, we would not have won any votes among the Republicans, because the people who advanced that proposal were themselves opponents of housing. We would not have won them over by accepting this amendment. And I

thought it better to get the 810,000 housing units, of which one third, approximately, will go to Negroes, than to assert on a national scale non-segregation for housing that would not exist.

SPIVAK: In short, Senator, you found it necessary to compromise on what *should* be in order to get what *could* be.

DOUGLAS: Well, we made some compromises.

SPIVAK: I want to come back again to the Taft-Hartley Act.

DOUGLAS: All right.

SPIVAK: Why didn't you compromise there and get a better bill? And it *was* a better bill — you yourself have admitted that.

DOUGLAS: I said it's not as bad.

SPIVAK: Well, why didn't you compromise, get that not-as-bad bill, and then try to get an even better bill? Isn't that democratic?

DOUGLAS: I had already reached the degree of compromise which I could make. I had proposed with Senator Aiken, who is one of the noblest men in the United States, that obligation to bargain collectively should be mutual, that there should be freedom of speech for employees, that there should be both non-Communist and non-fascist affidavits. We also had a proposal for dealing with national-emergency strikes, and one or two

other provisions. Now, those additions to the Thomas bill were compromises enough. I compromised a great deal. And yet I don't think I did compromise. I think these so-called compromises were really good things in themselves.

ADAMS: Senator, you were speaking there of Senator Aiken. Now, when he comes over as a Republican and joins with you as a Democrat, he becomes, as you just described him, one of the noblest of men.

DOUGLAS: I've always thought that of him, even when he opposed me.

ADAMS: Now just a second. In a speech you made the other night for the AFL, you said that the Republicans who joined the Southern Democrats had made an unholy alliance. Now, why is he so noble when he joins you and unholy when he joins your Democratic opponents?

DOUGLAS: Well, in the first place, you never find Senator Aiken lining up with the Dixiecrats. Senator Aiken, Senator Tobey, Senator Morse, Mrs. Smith of Maine — they are liberals and progressives. They're a little bit lonely in the Republican party. About two thirds of us Democrats are liberals, and about one ninth of the Republicans —

WARNER: I'm sorry, our time is up.

BE NICE TO MR. CAMPBELL

A STORY

BY ROBERT LOWRY

SHE was fixing the salad when her cowboy came back from next door.

"Dear, do you *always* have to slam the screendoor like that?"

He opened the refrigerator and brought out the ice cream he hadn't finished at lunch.

"You'll spoil your dinner, puddin. You're going to have such a nice dinner."

But he wasn't having any of her; he was searching in the drawer for a spoon. With a terrible rasping noise he dragged a chair over to the table and began to eat. He had a spot of chocolate on the end of his button nose now, and a dribble ran down from the corner of his wide, pink mouth, past his chin.

"Look, you're getting it all over yourself. You've just *got* to keep yourself clean, sweetheart. We're having company tonight."

He went ahead shoving big spoonfuls of ice cream into his mouth, his

long-lashed eyes staring down at the plate. There was simply no use talking to him when he was in this mood; she'd already shouted herself hoarse finding that out. But in the end she couldn't resist. "Wipe your mouth off, for goodness sake!" She went toward him with a towel, and for the first time he looked up at her, his round blue eyes flat with resistance. "Take this and wipe your mouth off, Joey."

He caught the towel, jerked it from her hand and threw it on the floor. "No."

She felt her hands grip; her heart began pounding. "No? Just what do you mean saying no to your mother, Joey?"

"I mean no," Joey said. "N-O. And I'm not going to keep clean, either." He was mashing the ice cream into a soupy mess with his spoon.

"Then you won't be allowed to eat with us, dear. You'll just have to

ROBERT LOWRY is a young writer whose two novels, *Casualty* and *Find Me in Fire*, have attracted wide critical acclaim. He is also the author of numerous short stories, some of which have been collected in *The Wolf That Fed Us*, recently published by Doubleday.

take your dinner in the kitchen."

"I don't care," he said sullenly. "I'd rather have it in the kitchen anyway. I don't want to eat with Mr. Campbell." He was stirring the ice cream now, slopping some of it over the side of the dish. "He's too fat."

She could only stand there staring down at him, at his round mussed tow-head bent over the dish, his ears stuck out in a way she could never understand since she'd always bought him hats that fitted, his cowboy suit already dirty with that one spot of chocolate on the vest. She avoided hearing more about Mr. Campbell by saying, "You ought to try to keep your cowboy suit clean, darling. You'll want to wear it Saturday when your father takes you to the circus."

He looked up at her, his moist underlip belligerent. "My father bought me this suit."

"Of course your father bought it for you." She went back to the salad and began shredding in the carrots. "That's all the more reason to keep it clean, so you'll look nice when he sees you in it."

"You didn't buy it, my father bought it. You never buy me anything as good as a cowboy suit."

"But your father went out West, Joey," she said. "You can only buy nice cowboy suits like yours out West."

"Why don't *you* ever take me out

West? If I lived with Daddy *he'd* take me."

She slid the salad bowl into the refrigerator and washed her hands at the sink. She tried to think of the proper answer to this question, but each answer seemed wrong. The books — she could go back to the books and see what they advised. But she already knew: they never had anything encouraging to say about a child of divorced parents; it was all an uphill struggle, a series of compromises, a forced string of compliments about the absent member of the family which only seemed to make the child long more for him. "Let's not go through all that again," she said lamely. "Just go wash your face and hands now."

He surprised her by actually walking over to the sink and obeying her.

"And will you promise Mommy you'll be nice to Mr. Campbell when he comes?"

She jumped when the screendoor slammed. He'd gone out into the yard to play again.

II

You have got to love a woman, Tony Campbell thought, to go out this far to see her. He was taking the river drive and keeping his speed five miles over the limit. The river looked plenty busy out there. A string of coal barges going by, some people

fishing off their houseboat, a paddle-wheeler pushing upstream along the far shore. It's funny how you never think how many people make their living off the river, he thought, and he remembered a piece in the paper this morning that had surprised him by giving figures showing there was more river traffic now than ever before. You wouldn't think that, Tony Campbell thought.

Well, he couldn't fool himself about Lois, he liked her even if she did live ten miles from town and own the worst brat in the U. S. My God, he thought, I *must* like her, when you consider I never get anything more for my trip out here than the privilege of sitting in that living room all evening afraid even to hold hands because the brat might poke his nose in. Let's see, he'd known her almost a month now. And during the whole period he'd been really alone with her exactly two times — once after the party where he'd first met her (she'd escaped from her friend, that dame who made the ceramics, so he could take her home), and once when the kid had spent the night at his father's apartment. The rest of the time they'd had to sit in that damn living room playing records low and hardly able to talk for fear the kid would wake up and come down and start his scene again. Three nights ago, when he'd been out here for dinner, the

kid had refused even to shake hands — and had topped everything by going upstairs and pounding on the floor with a hammer, pretending he was building something. Lois acts like she's afraid of him, Tony thought. She's too soft with him, that's the main trouble. What he needs is a good walloping.

But I better watch myself, he added, or that's the way I'll be spending my evenings all the rest of my life — walloping that kid. Or no, she probably wouldn't even let me talk back to him. If I hitched up with her, it would be just like it is now. The kid would be in charge of everything; our whole life would have to be built around his whims. . . . Too bad, he thought. A real knockout of a girl, too. And she certainly was gazing at him out of the softest, dampest eyes in history every time he saw her. Only she'd better come through with more than that pretty soon, if she wanted him to go on making this pilgrimage every other night or so. He was getting a little tired of her acting as though even a kiss with the brat in the same house was some sort of sin. After all, she'd been married, she knew her way around. She ought to be wise to the fact that acting aloof all the time didn't make a woman more attractive.

He turned off the drive into a suburban street lined with trees and

small frame houses. Just why that snafu husband of hers had wanted to move her 'way out here to the end of the world, he couldn't figure out. He must have been a real goof, Tony thought. No wonder she divorced him — ten thousand dollars a year or no ten thousand dollars a year.

He pushed on the brake and turned off the motor. As he slammed the door he noticed the two kids digging a hole in the side yard — Joey hardly recognizable in sombrero, chaps, and high-heel boots.

"Hello there, Buffalo Bill," Tony said.

The kid didn't answer or even look up. Tony mounted the porch steps and the door opened.

"Somebody's had his car polished," she said.

"That's me," Tony said. "Always clean and respectable."

He noticed that she didn't touch him till they were inside the house with the door closed. Then she put her arms around him and kissed him very lightly on the mouth, in order not to spoil her lipstick. The softness and smell of her made him feel better about the drive out. He had a beauty here, all right — big slanted blue eyes, wide full mouth, creamy complexion, and dark heavy hair that swept back off her heart-shaped face. A little thin, but that wasn't really noticeable because her breasts and

hips were good. She looked younger than any girl of thirty had a right to. No wonder when he'd met her at that party he'd never guessed she was already a mother with a seven-year-old kid on her hands.

"Anybody hungry?" she asked. "Or could you stand a drink first?"

III

They mixed martinis in the kitchen and carried them through the dining room, where he noticed ominously that three places were set at the table, into the living room.

"I spoke to Joey when I came in," he said. "But he didn't bother to answer."

"Oh, he probably didn't hear. He's so intense when he's playing."

He didn't say anything to that. There was no use making a big thing out of criticizing the kid, she always got excited then and went through the whole list of his merits — report cards, bright sayings, examples of politeness to strangers, and all the rest. Well, it was probably true, the kid might be all right to other people. It's like she says, Tony thought. Joey just resents me because he doesn't want anybody to take his father's place. And yet he couldn't drive the notion out of his head that even if the kid were grown up and they met casually somewhere without any past connections, they still wouldn't like

each other. The kid was too sullen and too loud-mouthed both at the same time.

Lois had moved over closer to him. It gave him a sense of power to put his arm around her narrow shoulders like this.

"Does anybody love anybody?" she asked, flashing up her eyes.

She was kind of rushing it this evening. "Somebody loves *you*," he said, a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach because he knew where this kind of talk, cold-sober before dinner, might lead him.

"Then don't I rate a kiss?"

He looked down at her amazed — she'd always been so stingy with her kisses while the kid was still awake. He leaned over her, the smell of her heavy in his nostrils, and kissed her mouth. Rich — a deep kiss. He couldn't remember kisses any better, and he guessed he'd had his share. He slid his hand up to her breast, but she stiffened and sat up straight, pushing urgently against his chest.

For Christ sake, he thought, if she'd make up her —

And then he saw that Buffalo Bill was standing in the doorway staring at them.

"Did Sammy go home?" Lois asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Joey said. "I chased him home."

"Why, that's not nice, dear." She

leaned forward and brushed the spray of blond hair off his forehead, but it fell back into place again. "That's no way to treat your friends."

"He laughed at me when I hurt my knee," Joey said. "He's not going to laugh at *me*."

After holding his face away and making a somewhat furtive attempt to wipe off the lipstick, Tony finally looked up. He had to raise up on one buttock to stuff the handkerchief back in his pocket — must be picking up a little weight since he'd bought this suit last winter. "What were you digging out there?" he asked. "A hole to China?"

Joey sat down and began to kick his legs against the chair. He didn't look at Tony. "You can't dig a hole to China. What do you know about digging?"

Tony tried to laugh. "Oh, I've had my share of digging, all right." He winked at Lois. "I thought I'd never get through digging foxholes when I was in the Army."

"You weren't either in the Army," Joey said, kicking harder and staring straight ahead. "You're too fat."

"Stop swinging your legs, dear. And you mustn't dispute Mr. Campbell's word."

"My father was in the Army but *he* wasn't. He wasn't anywhere. He's too fat to go anywhere."

"If you talk like that any more,

Joey, you're going to be sent out of the room."

"I will not! I can stay here as long as I feel like it. Why don't you send *him* out of the room?"

A blind flash of anger brought Tony to his feet. "Well, if that's the alternative —"

"Please sit down, Tony," Lois said, grabbing his hand and smiling up at him. "Joey doesn't really mean what he's saying. He's been playing all afternoon and he's awfully tired."

Tony let himself be persuaded to sit down again. He lit a cigarette, adding fire to the fire that was already in his face. Why the hell, he wondered, did I come all the way out here just to get myself involved in something like this?

Joey's face was white and implacable. "You like *him* better than my father, don't you," Joey said.

"For Christ sake," Tony said, "if we have to go through all that again —"

"Please." Lois put her hand on his arm. "Joey's going to bed right after dinner if he keeps talking like this. And he won't have any stories read to him for an entire week."

"I am *not* going to bed right after dinner. I'm going to stay up as long as he's here."

Lois jumped up: Tony was shocked at how witch-like her face could look when she was angry. "You're going to

bed right now if you keep this up!" she shouted. "You'll eat your dinner right this minute and go straight to bed without another word!"

With a fine sense of diplomacy, Joey got off the chair and left the room, and Lois sank back down on the sofa. She tried to force her strained face into a smile, but without much success. "Do you have a cigarette, darling?" When he gave her one and lit it, she continued, "And how's the printing business these days?"

"Inky," Tony said, and in spite of the fact that he made his joke without much heart, she threw back her head and laughed elaborately — a kind of nervous release from the tension she'd just endured, he decided. "I had one customer today who said that the red we used on his job wasn't red enough."

"Oh, I love that!" Lois laughed.

"So I told him that next time I'd drain a pint of my blood into it and try to improve it."

"Oh, Tony, you didn't!"

"Sure I did," Tony said, suddenly realizing that it was a better line than he'd guessed it was this morning — especially since old Weaver hadn't cracked a smile. "You can't please some people no matter how hard you try, least of all in the printing business."

They sat quietly for a while, con-

templating in silence the profound humor of Tony's answer, and then Lois pushed her soft shoulder against his chest and murmured, "Oh darling, I don't know *what* I'd have done if you hadn't come out tonight. You *are* getting to be a habit, you know."

"Good or bad?"

She arched her eyebrows and took a deep drag on her cigarette before she smudged it out. "Smoking's my only *bad* habit."

He ran his hand down her ribs. "Could we try that kiss again?"

She leaned forward to listen. "I think that he's out in the kitchen, darling."

"For God's sake, do we have to go through this same watching-and-waiting game every time I see you?"

She turned her hurt face to him then, showing him moist eyes. He felt like a heel.

"It's just that we're never alone," Tony said. "I always feel I have an enemy in the house — even when he's sleeping."

She sighed, and let herself go limp against the back of the sofa. "But you just don't understand him, darling. You think he doesn't like you, and, believe me, that isn't true. Why, only yesterday he was after me to know when you were coming out again. Don't you see how much of a shock for him it must be to know that someone else is claiming some of

my affection? You really can't expect a child to react any other way."

"Oh, I expect it all right," Tony said. "But how long is it going to keep up?"

She sat staring at the door through which Joey had disappeared. "He'll get over it soon," she said hopefully. "Really, darling, he's a *very* sweet and affectionate child. And polite, too. Did I tell you that his teacher sent a note home with his report saying how well-mannered he is?"

IV

He couldn't bring himself to cross her — she was a mother with her child. And it was obvious enough the kind of split-up person the kid was, trying to be the man of the house now that his father was gone. Yet the intense hatred that brewed in him wasn't easy to get rid of. It had been years since he'd felt this way about anybody.

"Let's get back to that kiss," she murmured. And this time *she* came to him — pushing her breasts against him hard and letting her mouth cover his. He closed his eyes, setting himself for something special, noting as he did so that she was acting more in love with him tonight than she ever had before. He ran his hand up her back, thinking, if she's willing to kiss like this here with the kid still awake, maybe tonight after —

"I want to listen to my radio program."

She jerked away from him. Joey stood blank-faced in the doorway, holding a white portable radio in his hands; he acted as though he hadn't seen a thing.

"Your radio program is off now," Lois said shrilly. "Go wash your face and hands, we're going to have dinner in a minute."

"It is *not* off! It's only six o'clock." He came on into the room and put the radio on the desk. "I want to know where it is on the dial." He began turning the knob around, bringing in an assortment of raucous noises.

"Which program are you talking about?"

"You know which one! The Flying Demon."

"Is that program still on the air?" Tony asked.

"You shut up!"

"You'd better be the one to shut up," Tony said, abashed because he'd really only asked the question to show Lois that he wasn't mad at the kid. "For God's sake, Lois, doesn't he have any manners at all?"

"I have more manners than you have! Fat Stuff!"

Tony was off the sofa and reaching for the kid before he realized it. But after he'd grabbed the tiny wrist he couldn't do anything except hold on, and the kid was shouting, "Take your

hands off me! I'll tell my father on you!" He let him go and stood staring down at him, wishing he didn't have to glance over and see the look on Lois' face.

Joey slid off the chair and ran around to the sofa. Now he was sitting in the exact spot where Tony had been sitting, beside his mother.

"Fat Stuff!" Joey said. "Fat Stuff! Fat Stuff! Fat Stuff!"

Tony went into the dining room and picked up his hat from the chair.

"Upstairs this minute!" he heard Lois saying. "And no more movies for a whole month!"

"I don't care, he hit me," Joey was saying. "He can't hit me and get away with it."

"He *didn't* hit you, he merely grabbed you when you drove him to exasperation. Button up your shirt."

Tony went to the living room door. "Think I'll take a run up the street and get some cigarettes; I'm all out," he said.

"But I have cigarettes somewhere," Lois said, glancing around the room. "You don't have to go out for them, I'll find some — I think upstairs."

He turned away. "I'll be back in a minute."

As he was opening the car door he heard her call from the house, "I'll have dinner on the table when you get back." He didn't look around; he started the motor.

V

"You're eating your dinner and then you're going to bed," Lois said. "I don't want any more nonsense out of you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I don't care, he started it."

"Just be quiet now and sit down and eat your dinner. We've heard enough out of you for one evening."

Suddenly docile, he sat down at the table and quietly devoured the roast beef and vegetables she brought him. She felt that she had triumphed after all, because he ate everything without objections, refusing nothing. And he did look darling sitting there — poor confused little thing. Certainly it wasn't his fault that he acted this way. It was the fault of his parents . . . of unfortunate circumstances for which she felt partly responsible. But the circumstances had been unavoidable. Even during the first months of her marriage she'd realized that she'd made a mistake; that under Arthur's likable exterior there was a steel barrier which kept him from communicating with people, from experiencing any of the carefree pleasantries which made living with another person possible. They'd had nothing to say to each other, that was the truth of the matter. He'd settled her out here far from town and driven home every evening

to eat, read the paper, and go to bed. And when Joey had arrived, he'd reacted like a spoiled child. He'd been positively *jealous* of her interest in her baby; had refused to pay the slightest attention to him. Of course, now that Joey was growing up he was showing more interest. He could swoop down at any moment and take him off to glamorous weekends whenever he chose to, spend piles of money, lavish gifts on him — no wonder Joey thought his father was some sort of god while she looked like the drab everyday reality. And there was no explaining to Arthur that this was the worst possible thing for the child — that *she* had to live with him every day of the week, not just a few hours a month like his father. As for the divorce, she had no regrets about it. Who could say whether it would be better for a child to grow up in a frigid, unfriendly atmosphere, rather than as the adored object of a mother and father who were separated? And besides, everyone knew that seven was a difficult age for any youngster.

"Come on now, cowboy," she said, taking his hand. "Let's toddle off to bed."

"I got to get something." He jerked away from her and flew into the living room, coming back in a moment carrying the white radio. She was going to object, but felt too worn out, and merely took him by

the hand and led him up the stairs.

In the room he sat down on the bed while she knelt at his feet and took off his shoes and socks. Looking up at him she saw a face so small, so wronged, so innocent, that it hurt her to look at him. He was the child of a love that was dead, wasn't he? So how could he be expected to react like anything except a lost creature? She was all he really had to depend on now, and she must never fail him in any way. Hugging him to her suddenly, she wanted to kiss him, but he pushed her away.

"Don't you want Mommy to kiss you?" she asked. "Mommy loves her little boy-baby."

"You can kiss me if you read me a story."

But she rebelled at that. "No story tonight," she said. "You've been naughty to Mr. Campbell. You shouldn't be naughty like that to one of Mother's friends."

"I don't like him. I don't want him coming around here."

"But *why* don't you like him, Joey? He's very nice to you."

"He's too fat, that's why."

"You mean you only like thin people? It would be a strange kind of world if there were only thin people in it."

He was in bed now, propped up against the pillow. "Is Mr. Campbell coming back?" he asked, the wide

blue long-lashed eyes that hurt her heart staring blankly at her.

"Of course he's coming back, dear."

"When?"

"In a few minutes."

"That's why you won't read me a story, isn't it?"

"No, of course it isn't. I won't read you a story because you've been naughty today. Naughty little boys don't deserve stories."

He turned his face to the wall. "No, you're not telling me the truth. You won't read me a story because you'd rather be downstairs with Mr. Campbell."

She moved over closer to him. "Give Mommy a goodnight kiss."

"I want a story," he said without turning.

She stared for a while at his back — at the form of his little body in the blue pajamas. Finally, she asked, resignedly, "If I read you one page will you go right to sleep?"

"*The Little Red Fire Engine*," he said, jumping up and pulling the book from the bookcase.

And after she'd read the page, he was very good, he put his arms around her neck and kissed her. "Lie down with me for a minute, Mommy," he said. "Just till Mr. Campbell comes back."

She lay down beside him, her arms around him, her cheek against his, her ear alert for the sound of Tony's

footsteps on the porch. When Joey's breathing became regular she gently disengaged herself from him, got up, and tucked the covers snugly up around his chin. After one last lingering glance at the way a spray of blond hair, like a small hand, persisted in falling over his forehead, she turned off the light and went downstairs.

VI

In the kitchen, the roast, a few slices cut off the end, rested on top of the stove. The grease in the bottom of the pan had cooled and turned white.

In the dining room, the two unused plates and the carefully arranged silverware around them gleamed in the darkness on either side of the small vase of red roses, which were beginning to wilt.

In the living room, Lois lay curled in the corner of the sofa like a small animal seeking protection from the weather. She had been sleeping like this, her shoes knocked off on the floor and her silk-stockinged legs curled under her, for over an hour, but even now, awakening slowly, she didn't change her position.

Tony wasn't the first. Six months after her separation there had been Herb, too tall for her, too impossibly quiet for her, too much of a snob for her — a news announcer on the local radio station. Herb had called the whole thing off after he'd grown

angry because she wouldn't go on a week-end trip to the Indianapolis auto races with him. She could hear his voice on the phone even now saying, "You're just going to have to learn to separate yourself from that kid of yours once in a while, Lois, or you'll never have any life of your own." He hadn't called again — and she'd hoped nobody would ever call again. But then, a month later, she'd met Ted, the brother-in-law of a neighbor of hers, and he'd taken up some of her evenings in the period immediately after her divorce had come through, leaving quite suddenly, with no promises for the future, when his company had transferred him to its Chicago office. And just now there had been Tony; she could already prepare herself to start looking back on Tony. It annoyed her a little when she realized that of these three men, she'd chosen to sleep only with Herb; and he had certainly attracted her least of all. But perhaps it had happened like that because he'd been the first man to come into her life after her marriage had broken up, and she had slept with him in a kind of nihilistic rejection of everything that was finished with and behind her.

She had really begun to care about Tony; it wouldn't have been very much longer till they would have had a real affair. And now he was gone. In

the first hour of waiting here for his return she'd tried to worry herself with the thought that perhaps something terrible had happened to delay him. But it hadn't worked; she needed only to think about the huffy way he'd left to know that he had probably not even stopped at the drugstore for cigarettes, but had driven straight on back to town.

She felt utterly alone. She wanted to go up to bed, but couldn't force her legs to move off this sofa. She longed for a cigarette and stiffened in resentment at the thought that he hadn't even bothered to bring her a pack before he left for good. These two stale Martini glasses here before her: she wanted to sweep them off the table with the back of her hand. And yet she only sat here — stagnant, alone, slightly ill.

She came alert when she thought she heard Joey say something upstairs. He might only be talking in his sleep, but . . . So she roused herself at last and went out through the living room. She was already on the stairs when the phone began to ring.

"Hello, Lois?"

Should she just hang up or should she listen to what he had to say? She listened.

"Yes, Tony, what is it?"

"Lois . . . I'm drunk."

"Yes, that's quite evident, Tony."

"I couldn't come back tonight,

Lois. I meant to come back . . . but a man can take just so much."

She hardened. "So much of what, Tony?"

He was too drunk to pay any attention to her question. "You'll let that kid ruin your life, Lois. If I hadn't had a few drinks I wouldn't be telling you this, but somebody ought to tell you. You're not doing Joey a favor or yourself either when you let him take advantage of you like that. You're still young enough to have some fun, Lois. You ought to — Look, why don't you get a baby-sitter tonight?"

"What?"

"Get a baby-sitter tonight and I'll come around with the car in about fifteen minutes and pick you up."

She couldn't help the short laugh that escaped her. "A baby-sitter!" she said, and all her sudden hatred for him seemed to form a knot in her forehead. "So that's your solution — Fat Stuff!"

It had slipped out unconsciously, and she noted the unbelieving pause at the other end before she jammed down the receiver and went upstairs.

Joey lay on his side now, his right arm raised above his head as though he were throwing a baseball in his sleep. The warmth and meaning of her life flowed back into her veins as she went on into the room and stood gazing down at him.

He awoke with a start when she tucked the sheet up around him. "Mommy," he said, stretching up his arms.

She leaned over and let him embrace her.

"Mommy," he said sleepily, "stay here with me. Will you sleep with me tonight, Mommy, please?"

"Of course I will, darling," she whispered.

And when she came back from the bathroom and lay down beside him, she felt her spirit envelop him and embrace him, in the way that her arms were doing, and she felt the world outside slipping farther and farther away from her.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

Sometimes it seemed to her he slipped his label
And husband, father, gone without a trace,
Would leave a brooding changeling in his place:
A stranger sitting at the breakfast table.
And yet, she thought, all those bound to each other,
Who wake and dine together, plan as one,
Who dream stretched side by side till night is done:
What do we ever know of one another?

Did not each mind hold strange forbidden fruit
As hers sometimes, when winds blew by the eaves
While she stood shaken that her sober root
Spawned thoughts like gold and scarlet flying leaves —
Let his leaves also blow in blowing weather,
Beneath the earth, their roots had grown together.

HOW THE COMMUNISTS CAPTURED CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BY NEAL STANFORD

THE following account of how democracy died in Czechoslovakia is drawn from the constant stream of official American reports from Prague following the Communist coup there in February 1948.

The Kremlin is putting Czechoslovakia through the Communist wringer with record speed. This once strongly Westernized democracy is today, after eighteen months of Stalinism, a complete satellite of Moscow. The present drive against the power, authority and freedom of the church in Czechoslovakia is only the latest move in the Politburo's drive to impose totalitarian socialism on the Czech people. What the Communists have taken years to accomplish in other satellite states they are doing in months in Czechoslovakia.

There is no question that the Communists are in full political control in Prague. They have absorbed or virtually eliminated all other parties.

The Communist-controlled Action Committee of the National Front runs the country. Two of the precoup anti-Communist parties have even had their names changed to suit their new overlords: the National Socialists have become the Socialists, and the Slovak Democratic party has become the Slovak Party of Regeneration. Another group, the Social Democratic party, which yielded control to its left wing during the February crisis, has since been completely swallowed up by the Communist Party.

The Czech Assembly is today packed with Communists. Of its 300 seats, 214 belong to Communists named in the single-list "election" held on May 30, 1948. This is 100 more seats than the Communists won in the general election of 1946. The single list of candidates, incidentally, was drawn up by the Central Action Committee of the National Front, a

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revolutionary organization set up during the coup and endowed with powers exceeding those of the government. The list was approved by the Communist-run Ministry of the Interior, which also hand-picked the candidates to be seated in the Assembly. In the face of the fierce pre-election campaign staged by the government against "blank ballots," and the election-day efforts to discourage secret balloting, it is more surprising that 11 per cent of the voters cast blank ballots than that 89 per cent voted for the régime.

Less than three months after seizing power, the Communists provided Czechoslovakia with a new constitution. Whatever its appearance, it is in reality as illiberal as the other satellite constitutions. All of its general articles guaranteeing the freedom of the individual or the independence of the judiciary are hedged by detailed provisions which dilute or eliminate any of these rights. The government is now working out laws that would further limit or completely nullify the "guarantees" of the constitution.

The travesty of parliamentary procedures, in a country which had once been a stickler for the democratic process, became even more obvious when the government began to pass laws with retroactive effect. On July 27, 1948, for example, a law was passed legalizing the existence and

past activities of action committees, which had existed illegally since the coup.

Nor has the Communist régime in Prague wasted any time recasting the country's economy into the Soviet pattern. Its nationalization program has already brought close to 95 per cent of the nation's industrial enterprises under State control. It has extended nationalization to export-import firms, wholesale and distributing agencies, department stores, spas, and hotels. Simultaneously it is enforcing a vigorous policy of land collectivization. On State farms the government is centralizing and tightening control over tractor stations and over the purchasing and marketing of agricultural produce. It is devising new means to compel deliveries of farm products by peasants, and heavy penalties are threatened for peasants who dodge contractual obligations. The government is encouraging the formation of voluntary producers' cooperatives, and is applying strong pressure on all farmers owning more than about 37 acres of land to give up their individual holdings and combine in collective farms. This policy is also aimed at eliminating the remaining urban "capitalist" elements — the artists, shopkeepers, and professionals.

Ever since the February coup, the Communist régime has sought to re-

strict the power of the Roman Catholic church. Church lands were made subject to the same confiscatory decrees that applied to all privately owned property of more than 125 acres. Church schools were also nationalized. And now "political instructors" have been pressed on all Roman Catholic seminaries.

In a move against the church, the Freedom Fighters' Association, comprising former concentration-camp victims and resistance fighters against the Germans, expelled from its ranks Archbishop Josef Beran, the ranking ecclesiastic in Czechoslovakia. The government has organized its own "Catholic Action" committees, which in turn have been denounced by Archbishop Beran as schismatic. Meanwhile the Archbishop, storm center of the State-Church struggle, has become a virtual prisoner in his Prague palace. Czech and more especially Slovak peasants, defying their Communist masters, have risen in various parishes to defend their priests. More and more priests and nuns are being arrested and tried, on charges ranging from black marketing to treason.

II

As with all totalitarian régimes, the Czech government, following the coup, set in motion machinery for political retribution and persecution.

On March 25, laws were passed to re-open political cases concerning collaboration with the Germans that had already been dismissed by the People's Courts. In all, some 15,000 cases were revived and reviewed by the People's Courts; in most instances, severe sentences were imposed on persons previously acquitted.

On October 6, 1948, a law for the Protection of the People's Democratic Republic gave the central government, the local authorities and the security police, wide powers to arrest individuals on charges ranging from tardiness at work to conspiracy against the State. A new State court in Prague and local courts have been set up for the sole purpose of trying cases under this new law. Arrests of persons on charges of espionage are now frequent, and the sentences meted out are severe.

The forced labor camp is another Soviet importation that has now made its appearance in Czechoslovakia. A law establishing forced labor camps was passed in October 1948, and it is already clear that these camps will be utilized — as in the USSR and elsewhere in the orbit — both as centers for re-indoctrination of recalcitrant elements and as reservoirs of cheap labor.

One of the most far-reaching measures taken to strengthen the grip of the Communist régime in Czechoslo-

vakia has been the drastic reorganization of local government. Until now the local, district, and provincial National Committees have acted in part as agents of the central government and in part as autonomous local governments. Under the new system, the province is abolished as an administrative unit and the country is divided into nineteen regions (*kraj*), of which thirteen cover the territory of Bohemia and Moravia and six that of Slovakia. Ostensibly, the aim of the regional set-up is to decentralize administration. The real objective, however, is exactly the opposite, as may be seen from the tasks assigned to the new regional National Committees (comparable to the People's Councils recently set up in Rumania).

These committees, which began operation on January 1, 1949, are charged with tasks ranging from administration of the tax system to supervision of physical education in their respective areas. Their most important functions stem from their status as executive organs of the central government. Communist leaders describe the new system as a primary instrument in the progress toward socialism, which is another way of saying the regional committees simplify and strengthen the control of the Communist Party over the population.

Regional boundaries cut across old

provincial dividing lines between Bohemia and Moravia, and thus tend to break down certain traditional ties which existed before 1918 and have grown stronger since. In most instances, the headquarters of the regional committees are situated in industrial centers, where heavy concentrations of workers provide excellent points of control. Moreover, the establishment of regional committees gave the régime an opportunity to weed out unreliable elements, to by-pass elected officials, and to place the most important posts in the hands of reliable Communists.

The chairman and members of the regional committees were appointed by the Minister of Interior on the recommendation of the Central Action Committee. While it is planned eventually to give each region an elected assembly, the actual power will reside in the appointed heads of the various functional departments. These departmental chiefs possess veto powers over the decisions of the assembly. By comparison with the pre-1938 apparatus of local administration, these new committees are an authoritarian organization.

III

The Ministry of Interior is preparing bills providing for permanent registration of the population, and for the regulation of passports for foreign

travel. The right of citizens to receive passports has been removed; henceforth, the issuance of passports will be at the discretion of the Ministry of Interior.

To buttress its far-reaching changes in the public administration, the Minister of the Interior has also strengthened the National Security Police (SNB). A bill passed by the National Assembly in January 1949 streamlined the organizational structure of the Security Police, and converted it into the executive authority of the Ministry as well as of the National Committees. The SNB is now a military formation with military ranks and uniforms.

Under Alexei Cepicka, a dyed-in-the-wool Communist, the Ministry of Justice and the judiciary have been completely reorganized. The system of courts which had been carried over from the Austro-Hungarian régime has now been replaced by a unified and simplified system of district and regional courts. Trial by jury has been abolished, and the principle of lay judges has been introduced, another extension of the Soviet system. Lay judges, of course, are appointed by the local National Committees. The legal profession and practice are regulated by a recent decree which abolishes private law practice and requires all lawyers to register with regional chambers. The latter assign

lawyers to specific cases and determine the fee in each instance.

The Ministry of Justice is making sure that these sweeping changes are accompanied by the desired ideological re-orientation, and that from now on justice will be meted out with strict regard to Marxist-Leninist doctrine, as interpreted by Stalin and the Politburo of the USSR. The personnel of the Ministry of Justice and all judges are now being given indoctrination courses. The newly introduced judicial examinations are to cover five subjects: political doctrine, and constitutional, private, civil, and criminal law. Should a candidate fail the first test in political doctrine, he is not allowed to continue with the rest of the examination.

Alexei Cepicka also forecast the now-imminent enactment of a new prison law, presumably in order to extend prison routine to the exigencies of a Marxist society, with its inevitably increasing prison population. In a recent speech in the National Assembly, Cepicka said: "It is necessary to re-educate the people to behave toward ex-prisoners without any prejudice. We do not want to differentiate between a free working man and a man working in prison. A prison term may contribute to the mobilization of labor, that is, to the building up of socialism. All this will be supplemented by political educa-

tion, cultural activity, and cultural life in prisons.”

The drive toward ideological conformity and political indoctrination, which accelerated sharply in every Soviet satellite country after the Cominform rift with Tito, is now in full swing in Czechoslovakia, and appears to be carried on there more systematically, if not more intensively, than in any other country in the Soviet orbit. Spearheading this program of indoctrination is the Communist Party itself, which has opened a large number of permanent schools for its functionaries in the past few months. The central school in Prague, which trains top Party cadres, has 500 students organized into two six-month and two twelve-month courses. In addition, the Party operates 26 regional schools with a total capacity of about one thousand students, who take courses of about six weeks' duration. Monthly “Communist education days,” introduced in September 1948, serve as a means of general indoctrination for all Party members. In January 1949 the first 300 journalists entered an indoctrination course especially designed for them. Radio commentators and university professors are next on the list. To eliminate liberal teaching and the remnants of “bourgeois elements” from the universities, a thorough check-up of university students is now in progress.

The Ministry of Information and Enlightenment, whose appropriation for 1949 has been doubled, is assuming a dominant rôle in ideological guidance. It has placed Czechoslovak newspapermen and radio commentators under strict control, and has undertaken to indoctrinate and familiarize them in the Soviet techniques of propaganda dissemination. Since the coup, the Communist Party has greatly expanded its newspaper holdings, having confiscated for its own use or that of its subsidiary organizations the publishing houses that served non-Communist organizations. Even the newspapers and periodicals still published by non-Communist political parties hew to the Party line to such an extent that only faint shades of difference can be detected in them.

IV

Stricter measures are being taken against the foreign press. Issues of foreign publications that carry material deemed derogatory to Czechoslovakia are banned. There has been a tendency toward a wider interpretation of what constitutes derogatory material, and newspapers, formerly banned for a single issue, are now banned for several months or for a year. In January 1949 the Minister of Information introduced a bill limiting the issuance of non-periodical publi-

cations to organs of the State, political parties, the Revolutionary Trade Union Movement, and other nationwide organizations and national enterprises approved by the Ministry. Similar restrictions on the publication of periodical literature are at the disposal of the Ministry of Information. Moreover, from now on, the printing and distribution of books will be carried out under the general guidance of the Ministry.

The implementation of the many measures introduced by the government is becoming the exclusive domain of the Communist Party. Before February 1948, the main efforts of the Party were devoted to the political struggle for power, but now they are chiefly concerned with "the tasks of socialist reconstruction." This Marxist reference involves further development of political study and perfection of the Party's organization. Rudolf Slansky, Secretary-General of the Party, struck the keynote for its next major effort at the meeting of its Central Committee in Prague on November 17, 1948, when he quoted a speech made by Stalin in 1934 to the effect that "as soon as the correct political line has been laid down, organizational work becomes all-important and decides the fate of the political line itself — of its realization or its bankruptcy."

Great attention is now being de-

voted to the election of new organizing committees in all the Party's units. More and more emphasis is being given to the control of the basic units of the Party — the groups of ten. The leaders of these groups now receive extensive indoctrination and are under strict supervision of vice-chairmen of the organizing committees of the Party's central apparatus. Periodic meetings are held with this central authority, which also checks the local records every month. The leaders of the basic units are required to keep complete records of the residence, occupation and dues-payments, of the members in their groups, and generally to maintain close surveillance over their activities.

This drive toward perfecting the Party machine is a culmination of a six months' drive for greater orthodoxy within the Party and for complete conformity with the policy of the Communist Party of the USSR. The tightening-up process included a purge of members, the introduction of the candidate system, and the establishment, in November 1948, of a central control commission for the supervision of the purge. The total membership of the Party, which grew to over 2 million as a result of a vigorous recruiting campaign after the coup and the absorption of the Social Democrats, is now being reduced to about 1.5 million. Many Czechs who

joined the Party perfunctorily in order to save their jobs now find that more than lip service is required of them. Membership in the Communist Party is becoming — as it is in the USSR — a privilege, but one involving onerous duties. Communist Party members must not only learn the doctrine, but must also pay for it. A new scale of membership dues drawn up in November 1948 requires monthly payments on a graduated scale ranging up to 10 per cent of the income of members earning the equivalent of \$300 or more.

The developments within Czechoslovakia during these first eighteen months of Communist domination fall into the pattern common to all coun-

tries dominated by the Soviet Union. Decrees similar to those imposed on Czechoslovak citizens either have been, or are about to be, enforced throughout the orbit. In all of the satellites the drive toward totalitarian socialism on the Soviet model is being vigorously pursued. If this drive seems more intensive in Czechoslovakia than in its neighbors, it is because the Communists seized control there relatively late, and because the Western leanings of the population were more pronounced. In their eighteen months, the Communist rulers have pretty well erased Western cultural influences from Czechoslovak life and installed their own Moscow-made totalitarian controls.

PHRASE ORIGINS—53

STAR-CHAMBER PROCEEDINGS: *During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in England, the members of the King's Council met in a room in the Royal Palace at Westminster to act upon judicial matters. At one time, this room seems to have been decorated with gilt stars, and was called by the Latin name, Camera Stellata, or Star Chamber. From the judicial proceedings of the King's Council there arose the Court of the Star Chamber, a powerful body consisting chiefly of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, and the Lord Privy Seal. It became such an instrument of tyranny in the hands of James I and Charles I that the expression "star-chamber" has been used to characterize any arbitrary rulings or oppressive measures of a tribunal or investigating body.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE TREASURE OF GREAT BEAR LAKE

BY FRANCIS & KATHARINE DRAKE

THE Arctic landscape sprawled under a pale sky. In the foreground lay a lake-face, frozen like flint. All around it saucers of snow stretched to the horizon, staring white eyeballs sunk in pre-historic rockbed. In all this harsh, brooding emptiness one solitary thing was moving—a heavily-clad figure, in parka and steel creepers, clambering up the rocky cliff which fringed a frozen inlet. The man reached the summit and stood there for a moment, sturdy, yet somehow preposterous, one human being challenging an empire saved by Nature for herself.

The man's eyes settled on the rocks around him, on a jet-black vein plastered with green, orange and canary-yellow stains. He picked up a fragment and stared at it almost suspiciously. He shook it, tossed it aloft, felt his heart leap as the weight of the small black lump thumped back on his mitt. In a second he had unbuckled his miner's pick, wrapped his hands around the handle, and raised it.

The impact of the blow that shattered an Arctic hush on the morning of May 16, 1930, was to resound along the halls of history. Not even that solitary figure, pacing his claim across the rooftop of the world, could possibly anticipate the monstrous forces dormant in those misshapen rocks, the staggering events that were to flow from their discovery.

Gilbert LaBine, the man with the pick, was born on his father's farm near Pembroke, Ontario, in 1890. His earliest memories were colored by prospectors, bearded and brawny, returning from the fabulous Klondike with tales of strikes and rich bonanzas. Prospecting, he decided, was the life for him.

LaBine was barely fifteen when he kissed his mother good-bye and hastened after the throng that milled around Cobalt, Ontario, in the rich strikes of 1905. In a few months, contrary to every law of probability, he made a silver strike. Moreover, he

FRANCIS DRAKE is a writer and businessman who was recently elected to the board of managers of Memorial Hospital in New York City. **KATHARINE DRAKE**, his wife, is a former newspaperwoman. Together they contributed "How to Live Longer" to the March 1949 *MERCURY*.

sold it for \$5000, and old-timers were saying he had that lucky instinct, a "natural nose" for ore. He was still not seventeen when, uncovering a second silver strike, he spurned an offer of \$25,000, only to find his vein too low-grade to repay extraction. Ignorance of geology had led him to miscalculate.

LaBine was broke, but he had learned a lesson: that it was not enough to follow the crowd, to be able to bear hardship, hunger, cold, disappointment, the endless treks after the glamorous rainbow, Chance. He needed something more than a natural nose. He needed a mining education.

Earning his living from camp to camp, young LaBine edged into field lectures by Government experts, fingered obscure samples in assay offices, memorized the multi-colored mineral maps of Canada, studied every pamphlet and textbook he could lay hands on. Before others of his age had finished college he had acquired the foundation of a practical and scientific background probably without precedent among Canadian prospectors. It was partly his eagerness to learn, partly a family grief, that led him in 1913 across the trail of a famed geologist, Dr. W. G. Miller, who was trying to arouse interest in a newly-discovered ore, pitchblende. The whole world was acclaim-

ing Mme. Curie's extraction from pitchblende of the metal radium, a vital factor in the treatment of cancer, from which LaBine's grandmother had recently died. The price of radium was \$120,000 a gram, the entire world supply measurable in ounces.

II

Miller had identified pitchblende in Canadian ores, but in such infinitesimal amounts that old-timers shrugged their shoulders. The 23-year-old youngster studied the physical properties of this strangely heavy mineral, remarked the bubble-structure and the queer green and yellow alterations of its uranium component, and, in spite of gibes from fellow prospectors, sent for samples from abroad.

It took more than fifteen years to put his esoteric knowledge to use, but the miracle *did* happen. LaBine had done well in those years. With substantial successes in gold, silver and copper, and a reputation second to none in Northwest mining circles, he had become president of Eldorado Gold Mines, Ltd. In 1928, he outlined a daring proposal to the stockholders.

For years he had figured that the rich lodes covering Ontario and the awakening Great Slave belt swept on through the uninhabited Northwest to the frozen fringes of the Arctic

Ocean. Directly in their path slumbered the Lake of the Great Bear, a landlocked basin almost the size of Newfoundland. Indian trappers had brought back tales of cliff formations — and cliffs, LaBine knew, suggested outcrops. But outcrops of what — of common ores like lead or zinc, unprofitable at such a distance, or of gold, silver . . . ? Perhaps another Klondike?

That natural nose was needling him to “take a peek,” LaBine informed his stockholders; moreover, he believed it possible to penetrate the area by plane. It is a measure of LaBine’s reputation that the company approved the first air-prospecting in the Northwest Territories, an unprecedented venture which involved the mashing-in of Indian teams months in advance to plant fuel caches, wilderness rendezvous figured from maps so vague that they omitted bodies of water wider than the English Channel.

But for LaBine’s fighting spirit, the atomic age might have dawned at the impulse of another nation. When, in the late summer of 1929, veteran bush pilot “Punch” Dickens returned for his lone passenger, he found LaBine tired and baffled by his weeks-long scouting expedition. Outcrops there were along the eighty miles of shore-line he had followed — copper, lead, cobalt, a little silver. But noth-

ing to stir the blood. Westward, through Fort Norman, lay the route back. In minutes LaBine would take off for home. His gaze stuck, however, as though mesmerized, to Great Bear’s faraway eastern shore.

“How’s the gas?” LaBine demanded suddenly. One cache still untouched, Dickens reported. LaBine’s arm shot up, his fingers pointed. “Let’s take a quick peek over there.”

It was that final look that set the stage. Flying at 500 feet in the old-fashioned Fokker, buzzing the eastern shore-line from every crazy angle, LaBine saw, almost in the last mile of that wild detour, a sight that was to plague him for months. The abundance of those colorations which had swarmed out of nowhere and abruptly vanished — green, yellow, orange, *black!* He could almost swear to it — a furiously suggestive ribbon of black, skittering across a neck of land.

“No more peeks,” LaBine told his stockholders. “I’ll spend next year making a systematic survey of that eastern shore. If you want to fade, okay. If you want to take a look, it’s going to cost real money.” Once more his backers gave the perilous undertaking a green light.

III

It was March 28, 1930, when LaBine and his old friend and fellow-prospector, E. C. St. Paul, returned to

Great Bear Lake and waved goodbye to the pilot. It was typical of LaBine that he had not asked to be set down beside the headland that had haunted him all winter. He had promised a systematic survey, not a wild rainbow chase. The headland must wait its turn.

An account of the next seven weeks belongs in another story. To the prospector, it is all in a lifetime — the cold, edged like a jack-knife, the stubborn mushing over snow and ice, the perilous inland sorties, the endless disappointments, the pencil scratches on the calendar, the malignant glare of ice.

On the morning of May 16, St. Paul awoke to feel a stabbing at his eyeballs, his vision nothing but a pain-filled blur. He was snowblind. It might last days or weeks. Hurriedly applying tea-leaf poultices, LaBine spent hour after hour battling the fiery inflammation with fresh poultices, and finally the treatment showed results. St. Paul was still blind, but the pain was lessening. He could be left for an hour or two.

LaBine decided to cross-section the area around the camp. It lay in the shelter of a promontory that tapered westward into the lake. Moving cautiously on steel creepers, LaBine began to cut across the frozen hogback. He reached the top without incident. Then, all at once, his heart was ham-

mering. A few hundred feet beyond him lay an inlet with a little island. And there, skittering across a long remembered headland (now famous as LaBine Point) shone anew that be-deviling streak of black.

Half an hour later, LaBine's impatient pick dislodged a chunk of pitchblende the size of a wastebasket. Clear across it loomed its credentials — the bubblelike structure, the orange, green and yellow alternations of uranium. The seam on which he stood was nearly two *yards* wide, a prodigal contrast to the tiny samples he had studied. All around him lay rocks shot with the eerie cobalt "bloom" of intense mineralization. As LaBine began to trail the winding vein, he came suddenly across a solid cliff of copper nearly one hundred feet high. In another fifty paces he had uncovered sprawling lodes of cobalt, manganese, nickel, incredible clusters of pure bismuth.

Moving like a man in a dream, he came on a vein of high grade silver ore, twenty feet across. And there, beyond it, crawling like a python to the summit of those Arctic crags was suddenly not just one black ribbon, but another! And still another! Three pitchblende outcrops! He had discovered the richest source of radium and uranium in the world.

LaBine dropped his pick and took a long, deep breath. At long last a

dream come true—radium for everybody. He did not realize, of course, the further power locked inside this ore. He could not know that on the strength of this black rock, billions of dollars would be spent, vast plants, thousands of miles away, would rise in places he had never heard of—Oak Ridge, Hanford, Los Alamos—and the power of the atom would be harnessed in time to save a million Allied soldiers from a bloody land invasion of Japan.

IV

During the thirties, the man who pioneered the Western Hemisphere's first pitchblende refinery broke the foreign radium monopoly single-handed, and forced \$45,000 off the price of every gram of radium. Then, in 1939, the splitting of the uranium atom sounded the starting gun for the big race among nuclear physicists to fit a key into the lock of atomic fission. By 1940, Nazi institutes had swept aside other projects, spurring their top-flight researchers to furious efforts. By 1941, British and American scientists were close behind them. In 1942, with Western Europe lost, England in critical distress, Fermi and his Chicago group shot triumphantly ahead, achieved the first nuclear chain reaction. Now only one vital question-mark barred the undertaking of the Manhattan Project. Where

was the necessary raw material, in what quantity, to come from?

Amazingly, it was at hand. It was not by luck, or accident that as early as May 1942 practically pure black uranium oxide was ready for delivery from LaBine's Arctic mine—several tons a month then, and soon the amount was doubled.

Realizing the critical importance of a uranium stockpile in the international race, LaBine, even before the chain reaction was effected, had reopened his temporarily suspended mine and started full-scale uranium production. To carry out this plan over the disapproval of banks and stockholders, he and his brother Charles had put up every nickel of their private fortunes, the best part of \$1 million. The extent to which this patriotic action speeded completion of the atom bomb has never been disclosed. It is certain that without it, however, August 14, 1945, would have come and gone without those headlines of Japanese surrender.

Today Gilbert LaBine, the man who struck the most sensational bonanza of all time, is not a rich man. It is not to the common interest that the mainsprings of atomic energy remain the responsibility of private enterprise. In January 1944, the Arctic holdings (now Port Radium), together with the secret refineries at Port Hope, Ontario, were officially

expropriated from the 3500 stockholders of Eldorado Gold Mines, Ltd. They have become the exclusive — and most powerful — property of the Dominion of Canada.

LaBine, at 60, erect, alert, hard-muscled as ever, is still a prospector at heart, although the years have brought him many honors. A gover-

nor of the University of Toronto, president of half a dozen mining companies, he has also been awarded the Order of the British Empire. In the history of the Christian era there have been few cases where the actions of one individual so intimately affected the lives of so many of his fellow men and the civilization in which he lived.

TWO SOLITUDES

BY EVELYN AMES

When I see carved so clearly on your face
The life in you which I shall never share —
The shocks endured alone, the wars which trace
The grandeur of the spirit's struggle there —
I long to take into my hands and heal
Whatever is still wounded in your soul,
Give you that self-forgiveness which might seal
The open vein, make past and present whole.

Yet love for you demands the opposite:
Proves that the deepest love consists of freeing
Even from the touch of guardian wings which it
Would fold around you; so I stand apart,
Beyond the outmost circle of your being
And let you be, and let this break my heart.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



THE COWBIRD

A GREAT many morals have been pointed upon the theme of animals' diligence, industriousness and self-reliance. Observe how thrifty the squirrel, providing a cache against lean times; how active the ant, setting an example for sluggards; how ruggedly individual and self-reliant the deer, the bear, the nearest pair of robins, as they go about the business of getting their food, making their homes, raising their families, all with never a hint of wanting to be helped by the State or requiring the assistance of charity. The fowls of the air and the beasts of the field have been a splendid source of hortatory mottoes and slogans for the respectable and well-to-do.

Now it is quite true, to be sure, that many creatures do maintain themselves in ways to make them easy exemplars of the more Puritan virtues. It is also true, however, that a great many do

not. Animals are perilous stuff for adages. Their lives afford as many justifications for cannibalism as for conscientiousness. They show forth a certain activeness in garnering and storing, and they show forth an equal devotion to loafing, rolling in the mud, and copulating to the point of exhaustion. Animals, like statistics, may readily be used to prove anything and everything. It may be useful to call Junior's attention to the desirably emulable habits of the bird called a robin: how tidy and workmanlike its nest, how unflagging its application to its work of catching worms, and so on. Should Junior, however, be of inquiring and exploratory mind, he may go on from the study of the robin to the study, say, of the cowbird; and if he has been well trained in his lesson of taking heed from the fowls of the air he is going to give society a good deal of trouble in later life.

For every wild creature that is a

self-reliant individual, there is another one that lives as a parasite. Parasitism runs through the whole kingdom of the creation, from vegetations that make their living entirely by sucking the life-blood of other vegetations, to crustaceans that cling and feed in fishes' gills, to birds that depend for their livelihood upon the cattle infested by the ticks and ox-warbles that are parasitic upon *them*. "Parasitism," scientifically speaking, is a somewhat old-fashioned word. It has a moralistic flavor about it. As biological language is content to put it now, the fact is simply that all living things are inter-dependent; and sometimes the relations take this form and sometimes that one. In symbiosis, each creature in the relation derives a benefit from the other. In commensalism, the creatures are common partakers of one food-supply. In inquilinism (from the Latin for a tenant), one creature lodges in the nest or burrow of another. In simple parasitism, only one of the creatures in the relationship derives benefit. Its life is completely a life of what Junior might feel inclined to call successful gate-crashing or sponging. This life-way is not at all uncommon, and is as "natural" under the enigmatic sun as is the thrift of squirrels, the neatness of a vireo's nest, or the disposition of buzzards to throw up their most recent meal when annoyed.

The cowbird, a follower of such a life-way, may be found in nearly any summer field in the eastern part of the country. It is a dull, dingy blackbird, somewhat speckled and semi-iridescent in the manner of starlings, with a browner head and a short, gross bill. It has a trampish look and sound: its gait waddling, bobbing and assertive, its "song" a variety of creaky-voiced ejaculations and whistles. Others birds may pair for long periods and show considerable devotion. Cowbirds do not pair at all. They are always more or less flock-spirited; now and again a male and female of the company are moved briefly to sexual intercourse; that is all there is to it. Other birds may range over great distances, and surmount great difficulties, to secure their food. Cowbirds are satisfied to go waddling and bobbing around the fields at the heels of cattle, gobbling what insects the big beasts' feet stir up for them. Other birds build intricate nests and are prodigies of faithfulness to their young. Cowbirds never build any nests at all, and for the issue of their brief, casual unions they decline responsibility.

II

As the time when she must lay an egg comes upon her, the female cowbird sets forth in investigation of the pastures and hedgerows. What she

is looking for is any small bird's nest, preferably unguarded, preferably with some eggs in it. When she has found such a nest — and it does not ordinarily take long, for a watchful-eyed bird that can slip anywhere among the leaves, looking — she settles herself upon it, deposits her egg, and flits furtively away. Occasionally, if she must, she deposits her egg in a nest in which no other eggs have yet been laid; but obviously this makes her act of intrusion more evident, and she avoids it if she can. Sometimes, if she can find no unguarded nest, she hides quietly in the foliage waiting for the bird brooding on an occupied nest to leave it briefly. On rare occasions, of course, the cowbird may not be able to void her egg in any nest by the time when she can no longer contain it. If that happens, she just drops it on the ground and abandons it.

The egg foisted by the cowbird upon a foster-parent is usually considerably larger than the eggs already in the clutch. Cowbirds impose upon nearly two hundred species of other birds, but most of them are the littler species: warblers, sparrows and the like. Sometimes robins are victimized, and phoebes are fairly frequent choices; but obviously there is an advantage in insinuating the egg into a nest where the baby cowbird will be a much bigger and stronger baby than

any of the legitimate nestlings in it. What happens may be briefly told in a case-history. The nest into which the cowbird has chosen to smuggle her egg is — suppose — that of a little chipping sparrow:

The chipping sparrow comes back after her absence from her nest and finds one more egg in it than when she left. Birds are not mathematicians. They go by feel. Were all her eggs or even half of them missing, or were three or four alien eggs added, the sparrow might be quite sure to feel something amiss. But as between three eggs and four, or four and five, she rarely detects the difference. She settles down to brood her family. When presently the eggs have hatched, her sparrow-mind is incapable of noting that one of the infants is a somewhat bigger infant than the others. A devoted baby-feeding begins.

The feeding of baby birds does not proceed by rote. The nestling-beak that is thrust up most eagerly and vigorously gets the food. At feeding-trip after feeding-trip, now, one beak towers hungrily above the others, and into it go the morsels brought by the chipping sparrow mother. Hourly the smaller nestlings grow weaker, from under-feeding, and less and less able to raise an effective clamor. Hourly the cowbird baby waxes fatter and lustier. Presently, kicking and squirm-

ing in the small nest, he manages to heave the weak little legitimate babies out over the rim, and that is the end of them. Sole occupant now, the young cowbird thrives, strengthens, and presently flies. It is common to see a pair of devoted "parent" chipping sparrows — hardly half or a third the size of their monstrous "child" — still carefully following him and watching over him and feeding him several days after he has flown heavily out of their little nest and has become robustly able to take care of himself. The whole drive of their instinct of parental devotion, after all, has been concentrated upon this one lubberly bird.

It is not surprising that cowbirds survive to throng the summer fields in numbers, whistling their irresponsible whistle, waddling lazily among the hoofs that stir up their provender. They have evolved a life-way of successful vagabondage, a pattern for getting something for nothing. Just how this may have come about, ornithologists are not sure. There is speculation that the pattern may have evolved as a necessity because of cowbirds' long gypsying trips in the days when bison roamed the plains. The birds, then as now, were cattle-followers. Keeping up with the wandering bison may have made it impossible for them to settle in one place long enough to build nests and raise

families. This is a possible theory, but speculative. At any rate, the cowbirds are settled now in their rôle of shiftlessness and crafty imposition upon the rest of avian society.

Those are silly words to use, of course. A cowbird is no more shiftless than an ant is industrious when it builds a gallery or a liver-fluke is reprehensible when it encysts itself in a liver. They are all the creatures of their natures. Heaven smiles with the same enthusiasm upon them all. Nevertheless, as we are human, there comes a certain irresistible satisfaction when we find a cowbird's plans for its rowdy tribe's perpetuity going awry. Every now and then a robin comes back to its nest, finds a speckled egg among the blue ones, and pitches it out immediately with an outraged squawk. (Detection appears to be a matter of the egg's color, not size. Birds that lay speckled eggs are likeliest to accept the addition of a cowbird's speckled egg, even when the size-discrepancy is enormous.) Every now and then some phoebe or song sparrow finds a cowbird's egg among its own and instantly skewers the strange egg with its beak. Most satisfying of all, perhaps, is what often happens when a cowbird lays her egg in the nest of a little yellow warbler. The warbler simply roofs over the whole nest, closes off the entire batch of eggs, builds a second-storey nest on

top of the first one, and starts all over again. It has occasionally occurred that a little yellow warbler has been victimized by a cowbird more than once. Thus it happens that there exist, as no great rarities, yellow warbler nests that make an extraordinarily touching demonstration of how far a small bird's fierce determination can go. These nests are three storeys high.

BELDEN HOLLOW

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

If ever you should follow
The half-lost road that leads
Down into Belden Hollow,
Ending in grass and weeds,

Look for no habitation
That stood its ground somehow
Against a desolation
Pushed back by axe and plow.

This land was not worth taking
From trees too thick to fell,
From stones too hard for breaking,
From seeds that thrive too well.

Here, where the woods surrender
To underbrush and vine,
Wall-builder and fence-mender
Dispute no boundary line.

Earth quietly possesses
More than a scythe can reap,
Where wind-sown wildernesses
Keep what is theirs to keep.

WHEN THE YANKEES TOOK CALIFORNIA

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

AT THE winter term of school that began late in 1837, New England boys and girls were offered a new geography, which was "up to date" and contained among many other things, "the Latest Charts and Maps," all in handsome colors. It was the work, and gorgeous work, too, of S. Griswold Goodrich, a Connecticut Yankee.

The two center pages of the geography were devoted to a map of the United States, with the various commonwealths and territories appearing in the brightest of greens, yellows and blues, and a startling cerise, the whole composing as eye-arresting a piece of cartography as any Yankee youngster could have wished for. The eastern half of the United States fairly scintillated with clashing colors; but, except for a square green block in the extreme northwest corner, designated as Oregon Territory, almost all of the remaining western half of the map was buff-colored and labeled Mexico. This vast region was

studded with vague and even sinister legends, such as Unexplored Region, and Great American Desert, the latter of which was "traversed by numerous herds of Buffaloes & Wild Horses and Inhabited by roving Tribes of Indians." In small type along the very bottom of the buff area appeared what were said to be the names of the Mexican provinces — Durango, Sonora, and California. Not one city or village was shown in all the buff.

There is, of course, always a lag in the preparing and publication of maps; and in the case of Mexico, more than one far-ranging son of New England could have corrected Mr. Goodrich's somewhat dim view of the country. For by 1837, when the map appeared, Yankees were long since established at Monterey and Los Angeles and other places in Mexico, none of which were shown on Mr. Goodrich's map. By 1837, indeed, a number of Yankees had lived in Mr. Goodrich's Unexplored Region so

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long, and liked it so well, that they were even then thinking of suitable ways by which it could be brought under the government of the United States. (Incidentally, the term Yankee is here used in its exact, original sense, *i.e.*, a native of New England.)

Probably the first, the Old Nestor of them all, was Thomas W. Doak, a Bostonian, who jumped a ship in 1816, was baptized Felipe Santiago Doc the same year, married a native, and settled down to propagate children and live a life of comparable ease. He was not long the sole Yankee in this paradise, for in 1823, Daniel A. Hill of Massachusetts left a ship, married a native, and settled in Santa Barbara. Other Yankees kept dropping off ships, to remain, among them William G. Dana, who became a notable rancher and fathered twenty-one children several shades darker than the Boston Danas.

All of these men had come by way of the sea. In 1826 there came a man to prove that the region could be reached on foot from the United States. This was Jedediah Strong Smith, the son of New Hampshire parents, who had entered the fur trade at St. Louis and now led a party of trappers overland into Paradise, where he met many Yankees who had gone native, including *Don* Abel Stearns, late of Lunenburg, Mass., one of the most potent ranchers and

businessmen in all the Mexican province of California.

Thus, the infiltration of Yankees into California was well along when, in 1832, there arrived a settler who was to have more effect on the region than any who had come before. He was Thomas O. Larkin, of Charlestown, Mass., appointed United States consul at Monterey.

Being consul in sleepy Monterey was the least of Larkin's activities. He built a flour mill, traded in hides and tallow, speculated in lands. His children were the first born in California of parents from the United States. More important was the fact that Larkin himself was the first of a distinguished line — the first genuine California Booster. For many years, he was the chief correspondent for newspapers and periodicals in the eastern states. Nor did the land or the climate of California suffer at his hands. Here, said he, was the nearest thing to heaven on earth any Yankee had ever known. Larkin's inspired prose painted lovely pictures of his adopted home. Gilead was running over with balm. Fruits and grains grew enormously. The sun shone gloriously and without end. It was inconceivable to Mr. Larkin, from windy Charlestown, Mass., how anybody who once saw California could want to live elsewhere in Christendom.

Mr. Larkin was not only the prime-

val booster. He was also a secret agent of the United States government, and his private reports kept the administration in Washington well informed as to events and attitudes in the Mexican province. In the light of subsequent history, it isn't too much to say of Larkin that he was the competent head of an American Fifth Column — one that boded no good for Mexico.

Thus so early did this wonderful foreign land have a Yankee explorer by land; Yankees as leading businessmen; a Yankee who was the granddaddy of all California boosters to come.

II

What had been a trickle of Americans rose steadily with the years, and in the migration there were always a few sons of New England. In 1836, he who may have been the first Harvard graduate to settle in California arrived in the crotchety person of John Marsh, a doctor of medicine, who chose a spot near the base of Mt. Diablo and there built a cabin. He was a great writer of letters to the papers and to eminent public men in the eastern states. He bombarded these with descriptions of this land of milk and honey and said without any folderol that California should be "in possession of the United States." Dr. Marsh was an imperialist without the usual hypocrisy.

With both Larkin and Marsh talking up the region like a couple of real estate agents — which they were — immigration from the United States increased wonderfully throughout the early forties; and American Consul Larkin was secretly informed by Washington, in a somewhat mealy-mouthed manner, that "whilst the President will make no effort . . . to induce California to become one of the free and independent States of this Union, yet if the people should desire to unite their destiny with ours, they would be received as brethren. . . ."

Consul Larkin busied himself, and plans for bringing the province into the American Union were well along when American settlers in the Sacramento Valley staged an insurrection and proclaimed the Republic of California. William Brown Ide, a new settler from Massachusetts, wrote and signed the fantastic proclamation. His gang raised a flag, and mustered a battalion of ex-scouts and trappers to fight against what Ide said was "tyranny." This revolt soon ended when the United States declared war on Mexico and an American naval force took possession of the provincial capital at Monterey. In February of 1848, the cession of California to the United States was recognized by treaty; and in 1850 it was admitted, without passing through territorial

status, as a state. Long before then, California had become an unprecedented sensation as a goal of Americans, including thousands of Yankees.

The man who is commonly credited with letting the world know of the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill was a Yankee, Sam Brannan, born in the Saco Valley of Maine. Brannan also founded San Francisco's first newspaper, preached the first sermon in English, and was the first president of the Vigilantes, who sought to keep some sort of order by hanging thugs higher than Haman of old. Unfortunately, Brannan also established a distillery, the product of which he liked only too well.

It was a young Yankee preacher, Thomas Starr King, from the Hollis Street Unitarian church in Boston, whose great eloquence held California safely in the Union in 1860-61, when a majority of Californians were Southern by birth. Having the grace of God in his heart and the gift of tongues, King took seething California by storm, displaying a furious energy that unquestionably shortened his life. In San Francisco, in all of the towns, and also at the mine diggings, he raised his eloquent voice to such purpose that some 15,000 Californians volunteered for service with the Union. Grateful Californians erected a monument to him in Golden Gate

Park, and sent a statue which is to be seen in the Capitol at Washington.

Presently, there came a Vermonter, Henry Wells, to establish Wells, Fargo & Company, with its fine stage coaches and sure-shooting guards, and make it into a classic institution of the West; and another Vermonter, William H. Russell, who conjured up and put into operation the celebrated Pony Express, for overland mail to and from California. A railroad built eastward from California, to meet the Union Pacific, was thought up and started by a man from Bridgeport, Conn., Theodore Judah; and continued by three other Yankees named Hopkins, Huntington, and Stanford, with a fourth partner, a foreigner born in Troy, N. Y., by the name of Crocker.

III

This Central Pacific railroad brought hundreds of thousands of new settlers into Paradise, and of them all, unquestionably the most influential was a Yankee named Luther Calvin Tibbetts, a native of South Berwick, Me., for whom Californians should have long since erected a statue in the town of Riverside, another in the state capital, another in Washington, and several more, perhaps two or three dozen, in various parts of their state. For Tibbetts was, in the capitals that are due him, The Seedless Orange

Man, no less, the veritable founder of California's great industry.

Tibbetts was fifty years old when, in 1870, he joined something called the Southern California Colony Association, which was being promoted by a Connecticut man, John W. North, for the purpose of selling land in what is now Riverside. Tibbetts settled here on 160 acres, set out a few grapes and oranges, and ran a few cattle. He was an enormous reader of bulletins put out by the Commissioner of Agriculture in Washington, and was a great one for sending samples of soil for analysis. His letters and comments on agricultural subjects were so intelligent that the Commissioner came to take considerable interest in the affairs of Luther Calvin Tibbetts. One day he sent Tibbetts three small orange shoots which had come from an unknown woman in Bahia, Brazil.

These strange plants, so the Commissioner wrote, were reputedly of a seedless kind — if one could believe in such a thing — and perhaps Tibbetts would like to experiment with them. Tibbetts would. He was elated, and one day in 1873 he hitched up and drove 65 miles to the nearest express office and returned home with the plants. He put them close to his house in Riverside and gave them the greatest care. A cow trampled one of them, so Tibbetts put up a fence that would have stopped a short-horn

bull in full charge, with a padlocked gate to keep out inquisitive neighbors. And he pampered the two little orphans from Brazil as though they had been children. No rules for irrigation were known; there was little information on orange culture. True, orange trees had been set out in Southern California by the Spanish padres as early as 1804, and had grown well enough, though the fruit was not particularly good — and it was quite filled with seeds.

It got around that old Tibbetts was fooling with “seedless” oranges. Neighbors poked fun and had a grand time of it making sport of this curious eccentric from the queer state of Maine.

For three years, Tibbetts nipped all the buds, to prevent flowering and fruiting and thus insure that the roots develop properly. In the fourth year, which was 1878, he permitted each tree to bear two oranges. He made something of an occasion of it when they ripened, inviting neighbors to his home. The four oranges, all sliced, were passed around, and lo! — it was seen that they contained not a seed. This in itself was most astonishing, doubtless as astonishing an event as Southern California had ever witnessed, and surely, as things turned out, as momentous. The fruit, moreover, was extremely large and of superb quality. The skeptics who had

come to laugh now sampled the bright slices and vowed they had never tasted the like. The town of Riverside rejoiced exceedingly, and promptly held a Citrus Fair, the first in California.

Next season Tibbetts permitted the two trees to bear half a bushel of fruit each. It was as good as, or better than, before, and wholly seedless. Tibbetts sent samples of the great, golden juicy globes to one of his heroes, Senator James G. Blaine of Maine, who wrote enthusiastically of the Tibbetts Seedless Orange in the influential *American Agriculturist*.

Having no seeds, these navel oranges could be propagated only by grafting. Tibbetts refused offers for as much as \$10,000 each for his two trees; and for the next several years sold buds from them, a business that ran to \$600 a month. As fast as budwood could be bought from Tibbetts, other Californians grafted it to the stumps of ordinary orange trees. In 1880, a grove of 75 acres was set out to Seedless. Within the year, an English syndicate planted an even greater tract, all from Tibbetts' buds.

Thousands of enthusiastic growers came to visit the Tibbetts home, to see the old master of magic and his two now-holy trees from which stemmed all this wondrous wealth. Southern California went into a boom of orange growing which continues

into the middle of the twentieth century. Land that could be had in 1880 for \$20 an acre, five years later sold for \$1000 an acre. Luther Tibbetts, now known without derision as The Seedless Orange Man, enlarged his home, bought a rubber-tired buggy and even a brougham.

But that is not the end of the Tibbetts' influence in Southern California. As though her husband had not already contributed enough to the region, Mrs. Tibbetts now sought to give it something that was to become — and remain — just as typical to the area as seedless oranges. She set up shop as a seeress and mystic and founded what seems to have been the very first cult in all Southern California. It was her custom, in the Tibbetts' home at Riverside — so wrote her step-daughter — to "don a ceremonial robe, reclining on a couch in a semi-darkened room, Mr. Tibbetts standing behind, gently waving a fan, while she passed into a trance to await the arrival of a desired spirit." Believers came from neighboring towns and from Los Angeles, to overrun the house and grounds, while Seeress Tibbetts peered beyond the veil and brought messages from the country of the shades. After no little research, I am of the opinion that hers was the first esoteric cult in the entire state.

As of 1910, California presented an

imposing number (50,873) of New England natives in fulltime residence there; as well as 41,000 more who were born there of New England parents, and at least 27,000 additional Californians who said their grandparents were native Yankees. Many others have since followed them, and their boosterism for California is so deadly serious as to have long since become a by-word. In other parts of the West, all Californians are known as Orange-Knockers. In other parts of the West, there is no new cult that did not originate in California.

We can hope that one and all, the Californians, know of and honor the

first of their kind, good Booster Larkin, the immigrant from Massachusetts, who composed his pæans as early as 1832; and honor energetic Sam Brannan, from Maine, who in 1848 brought the first dust out from the diggings; and honor, too, Maine's Luther Calvin Tibbetts, whose seedless oranges accounted for more wealth than the Mother Lode ever produced; and Mr. Tibbetts' spouse, Eliza T., founder of the first cult in the Land of Cults.

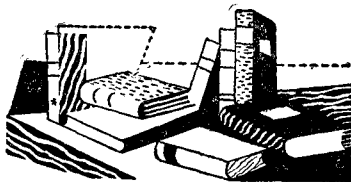
No matter where one goes to live in California, or merely to look, one will find a land in which New Englanders played notable parts.

HOUND OF DAY

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

The hound of day has bit the heels
of haste, and, through the panting trek,
the hare of chase, elusive, hot,
goes nightward. In the savage wreck,
beyond the peace of heart and grass,
beneath the sun and calming shade,
the hours, clawed by speed, are torn
from calmness waiting, unafraid.
But waste and greed and fury end.
Here, where the hound and hare are spent,
the lark of twilight comes from sky,
the lamb of evening lies content.

THE LIBRARY



THE PROBLEM OF POWER

by **BERTRAM D. WOLFE**

IF THE reader would not have his sleep wracked by nightmare and his waking hours tormented by unending question, let him not gaze upon the face of power as portrayed by Bertrand de Jouvenel. [*On Power*, by Bertrand de Jouvenel. \$5.00. Viking.] For this picture of the modern power State, which the author calls "the Minotaur," is calculated to chill the blood of the beholder, while the thread he provides to lead the reader into the monster's labyrinthine lair, and, perchance, out again, seems too tenuous for its task.

The power of the State, measured by the fields it embraces and the amount it can take for taxes and for war, has steadily increased during the last eight or nine centuries. If we go back to the beginning of the

modern period, we find armies diminutive, unstable, mustered but for forty days, paid for out of the private resources of a king who is but the first among his peers. War lacked scope then, since Power lacked scope; it could neither impose taxes nor conscript men. Slowly, in the course of centuries, monarchs centralized their domains, with plebeian support, against aristocratic privilege and aristocratic liberties. Indeed, liberty itself, according to our author, is aristocratic in its origins and supports. When the monarch had so far centralized his realm that he could impose taxes, he set up a standing army. But, "so long as the monarchy lasted, it never dared attempt the conscription of men." It took the great French Revolution, which overthrew the monarchy, to complete the latter's task of centralizing France, sweeping away all private interests, all local jurisdictions and loyalties, all non-

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State organizations, all social authorities, all barriers of jealously guarded charter, status or privilege, the whole pluriverse of painfully cultivated mediæval forms, in favor of the monolithic, unitary, centralized, omnipotent and omniscient, modern bureaucratic State. And it took the French Revolution with its cry, *The Republic is in danger!*, to introduce conscription of the manpower and resources of France for the armies of Carnot and Napoleon.

Nor did the monster even then cease to grow. At the end of the mighty Napoleonic Wars, all the nations of Europe together had a total of 3 million men under arms. A century later, the First World War killed and wounded more than five times that many! And the Second World War, which was openly recognized as "total," involved the total conscription of labor and manpower in most of the nations involved, and the total annihilation of all the centers of industry and population of the enemy that could be effectively reached with bombs. The power of the State increases steadily, while, by a coincidence that is more than mere coincidence, the power of men to do mischief to their species continues to increase along with the power to marshal all forces for war.

"But this is France," the reader may say at this point, "or maybe

Germany or Russia; but surely Mr. Jouvenel is not speaking of England and the United States." Small comfort there, for though France is indeed this Frenchman's principal concern, his illustrations, critical test cases and side remarks concerning England and the United States show a similar trend. For the first time in its history, England has introduced peacetime conscription. The United States, with its \$18 billion military budget and its reserve draft to supplement and underwrite its volunteer army, teeters even now on the edge of the same precipice. Forty five billions more or less is the size of the appropriation President Truman this year asked from Congress. In approximately three quarters of a century, Jouvenel notes, the portion of our ever growing national income claimed by our ever growing State jumped from 4.3 per cent to 22.7 per cent. Under the New Deal there was "a prodigious step forward by the State, the symptoms of which were the same multiplication of officials, the same triumph of the central authority over the regional authorities, the same subordination of business [and unionism] to politics." America, he reports,

was a country which was a stranger to compulsory military service, in which the tradition was to elect officials to office, and in which Power was subject to judicial control. Is it not astounding

that Power was able in a few years to reduce this control nearly to the vanishing-point, to build up a vast bureaucracy, and to invest this bureaucracy with such wide powers that a number of Federal agencies have been established simultaneously to formulate rules, to apply them, and to punish breaches of them — to act, in other words, as legislator, executive and judge?

And to this, he might have added the latest data from the report of Dr. Solomon Fabricant to the effect that in 1900, one worker out of every 24; in 1920, one out of every 15; in 1940, one worker out of every 11; and in 1948, one out of every 8 or 9, was on some public payroll, national, state or municipal. From Fabricant, too, he might have got the news that in the half century from 1900 to 1948, while private employment increased by 100 per cent, government workers increased by close to 500 per cent. Or if he had analyzed the military and civilian personnel employed in our military establishment, he would have found 160,000 in 1900; 350,000 in 1925; and 2,300,000 in 1949.

II

In that Golden Age before our Time of Troubles had begun, *i.e.*, before the First World War, we Americans were inclined to believe that war was a vestigial product of dwindling

monarchic power and of its dynastic intrigue and ambition. The enlightened twentieth century, so we thought, would prove too civilized for war, or, at least, our Republic, being controlled by its pacific citizens and secure in its distance from Europe's bloodsoaked arena, would surely hold aloof. Today, alas, we are all sadder and wiser. "Isolationist" is a dwindling epithet of opprobrium. Even the man on the prairie Main Street knows that modern war is global and that democracies and lands overseas get as surely involved as dictatorships and countries whose fate has situated them in the heart of Europe.

But Monsieur Jouvenel is bent on troubling the thoughtful reader even further. "Lay not that flattering unction to your soul," he tells us, that democracy is proof against conscription or against the monstrous growth of power into the total State. On the contrary, "democracy is the finest soil Power has ever had in which to spread itself over the social field" and the most effective structure under which to justify and win support for the total conscription of money and means and men. Under the *ancien régime*, power being personified in the King and his Ministers, men were ever jealous of what he took and what he claimed. Power seemed openly a separate person, alien to society, while society's most energetic

spirits, knowing that they had no chance to share power, were quick to recognize and denounce its smallest encroachments. Our favorite heroes were those who defied the State in the name of freedom, the same men who today are likely to be regarded as wilful obstructionists, "reactionaries," and even traitors. Taxes and military levies, these were the people's grievances against the King. But once kings were gone and people were induced to believe that they were themselves the Power, or that Power did but enact their will and act in their name, who then was left to resist expansion and encroachment?

If the sophisticated reader be heard to urge that the growth in the number, percentage and proportion of public officials is not due to any considerable extent to government encroachment on private industry, but rather to the assumption of new welfare functions, such as public health, housing, farm resettlement, hospitals, parks, recreation, unemployment compensation, factory, food, business and drug inspection (to keep discreetly silent on the mushrooming of tax officials and the military establishment), our author is swift to reply that it is precisely the Welfare State that is best calculated to bind its subjects to it by innumerable controls, and to make of them exac-

tions in money and military service such as could never be conceived by a feudal monarch in his wildest dreams. Indeed, the democratic state and the Welfare State, far from being the abode of freedom or the true opposites of despotic, tyrannical and total States, are but "the time of tyranny's incubation," the last and most important step in the slow and sure march from the mediæval limited State to the modern total State, and from mediæval small-scale combat to modern total war.

Savage man began, says Jouvenel, with every able-bodied adult under arms. Then, with the growth of civilization, soldiering became a specialized and increasingly discredited profession. Now, however, "we are ending up where the savages began," with every man under arms, "and we have found again the lost arts of starving non-combatants, burning hovels, and leading away the vanquished into slavery. Barbarian invasions would be superfluous: we are our own Huns." And this, dear reader, was written before the invention of the atomic bomb.¹

III

Such, then, is the terrifying face of "the Minotaur." What is the double-ly thread by which M. Jouvenel

¹*Du Pouvoir: Histoire Naturelle de sa Croissance* was originally published in France in 1945.

guides us into the labyrinth in which the monster lurks, the thread which should serve us, too, to find our way out again?

(1) Liberty, Jouvénel informs us, has aristocratic roots. It was the aristocracy which wrested *Magna Charta* from the King, the aristocracy which demanded the redress of grievances in return for grants for war or the affairs of state, the aristocracy which resisted absolutism because it had rights and privileges and liberties to defend. In England, where the aristocrats rallied around themselves the middle class and gave it leadership, liberty became generalized and continued to endure — until “as late as yesterday.” But in France, where the monarchy succeeded in rallying to itself the plebeians against the privileges of the aristocracy, the system of authority and the centralized machine grew apace until at last they were taken over in the name of the people. “For this reason it is misleading to speak of the democratization of England; it would be truer to say that the rights of the aristocracy have been extended to the plebs,” so that every man’s house has become his castle and each has the right to be judged by a jury of Peers. But in France, democratization “took the form of the attribution to all of a sovereignty which was armed with a centuries-old omnipotence that saw

in individuals nothing but subjects.”

Where then shall we find the new aristocracy which shall revivify the idea of liberty? Where the new interests, privileges, authority, and dignity, the new social *élite* to live up to the new *noblesse oblige*, and to defend itself against the insatiable and inexorably growing centralized authority of the State? Hesitantly, as if he himself did not believe in his prescription, Jouvénel ventures to suggest that there is a new aristocracy of “rulers, leaders, employers, squires, and guides of the people, financiers, captains of industry, owners of newspapers and means of publicity and persuasion” who might develop a new “code of chivalry” for their respective callings. But alas, having closed our eyes to the fact that these are extraordinary men, a social *élite*, we have only succeeded in freeing them from a sense of responsibility such as should go with their high station. And besides, in this hour of universal anxiety, they, too, are prone to turn to the State which they should be jealously resisting, and are asking the State to put floors under their prices, guarantee their profits, enjoin their employees, stabilize their markets, give interest on their excess capital, and insure its continued existence and profitability.

(2) The monster, Power, was held in check in former times, Jouvénel re-

minds us, by the fact that it had to submit to a Law superior to itself, a Law by which its actions could be measured, checked and confined. Superior to it was the Divine Law, the Moral Law, the time-honored customs of the folk. When rationalism, cultural relativism and religious schism had undermined these, there was still, for a space of several centuries, a counterweight in the form of "Natural Law," which thinkers regarded as superior to the transient *ad hoc* special laws of the State.

Yet even Jouvanel, though he closes his eyes to the fact that ecclesiastical power was also Power that could be spelled with a capital "P" and that, where the secular arm and the clerical arm coincided in intention, we got the Inquisition, which was dangerously premonitory of the total State, and religious wars, which were as close to total as the technology of their day permitted — even Jouvanel dares not seriously propose that we can return to the day of a unified Church, a unitary Divine Law, a single authoritative interpreter, an unchanging folkway. Nor does he dare suggest that we can banish back into the womb of time the to-him-abhorred heresies of rationalism and cultural relativism. All he can offer us is a more-or-less sound analysis of a counterweight that has lost its power to restrain — that, and a woeful

nostalgic sigh for a day that has vanished. The thread that has served to lead us into the labyrinth until we were able to confront the chilling spectacle of the Minotaur, the Monster Power, in his innermost lair, has raveled and snapped in our hand. If we are to find our way out of the labyrinth, we shall have to find it without M. Jouvanel's thread. And without M. Jouvanel as our guide, for the spectacle with which he rightly sought to frighten us has so frightened him that the passages down which he looks in panic lead not through the problems of the present to the solutions of the future, but are closed passages to a vanished past.

IV

When the historian of the next century looks back upon our own, I fancy that it will be with amusement at our excitement over the question of "socialism versus capitalism." All states, he is likely to record, and all societies, were moving simultaneously, each according to its own tempo, history and tradition, in the general direction of greater collectivism, greater socialization, and greater State intervention into various fields of social life. One moved ahead with foresight and caution, seeking to carry along what was best in its past and slough off what had been outgrown. Another rushed headlong, arbitrarily, drasti-

cally throwing overboard the accumulated heritage of freedoms, "dumping the baby out with the dirty bath water," and on it the past took its own peculiar revenge by reasserting what was worst in it instead of what was best. One moved backwards towards the future, shouting "free enterprise" even as it insured deposits, regulated securities, put floors under farm prices, set up social security systems, TVAs and what-not. (The reader will recognize in these three "types" England, Russia and the United States; we shall have to leave M. Jovenel to worry about France since space is lacking to discuss its peculiar problems.)

The real problem of the twentieth century, the historian of the twenty-first is likely to say, was not "socialism versus capitalism" at all, but whether the State could enter into so many fields and whether so many aspects of social life could become collectivized, socialized or statized — these three terms are by no means synonymous — without the State becoming total in the process and without liberty vanishing and democracy perishing. To put it in political terms, the real problem of the twentieth century was limited State or total State, democracy or totalitarianism, or, to use a familiar theological metaphor concerning the Sabbath and the People, whether the State should continue to

exist for the People, or the People exist for the State.

For totalitarianism is not a "cuss-word," as Jovenel imagines, but a serious philosophy of government, with a corresponding governmental structure. And democracy is not a mere breeding ground for totalitarianism, as Jovenel has frightened himself into believing, but a rival twentieth-century philosophy of government, with a corresponding structure of government.

The essence of the total State is that it aspires to be total. It asserts that the State is identical with society and coextensive with it, and that all the purposes of the State are identical with the purposes of society, and that society can have no purposes which are not State purposes. Therefore it denies autonomy to the individual, his private purposes, his judgment, his conscience, his moral responsibility. By the same token, it denies autonomy, *a fortiori*, to non-State organizations as against the State: to unions, to clubs, to churches, to parties, to lodges, to foreign-policy associations, to chambers of commerce, to Boy Scouts, to Masons. "Under the dictatorship," wrote William Z. Foster in *Towards Soviet America*, "all the capitalist parties — Republican, Democratic, Progressive, Socialist, etc. — will be liquidated, the Communist Party functioning alone as the

Party of the toiling masses. Likewise will be dissolved chambers of commerce, employers associations, rotary clubs, American Legion, YMCA, Masons, Oddfellows, Elks, Knights of Columbus, etc." And Mr. Foster really meant that "Et cetera." Whatever non-State organizations exist when the total State dictatorship is formed must either be coordinated into the State apparatus or be charged with being anti-State and treasonable, and liquidated. That is what is happening today to the unions, the parties, the churches, and associations of every sort in the countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Having thus secured control of every social organization (those of the twentieth century, not Jouvenel's ancient corporations and aristocracies), the total State seeks to penetrate every aspect of life, assume control of every interest, undertake systematic organization of every activity, convert every individual interest and activity, and every social interest and activity, into a State activity. "The duty of Russian women," the inimitable Vishinsky told those Canadians who wanted to get their Russian wives into Canada, "is to produce Soviet children, not children *for the Canadian Government*." It is this attempt to penetrate all organizations and direct all activities, not excluding love and art and

music and dreams, that forces the total State to become a universal Police State. To sum up the total State in a single sentence, coined by Mussolini but best realized by Stalin: "All through the State, all for the State, nothing against the State, nothing outside the State."

M. Jouvenel is a thousand times right to warn us that the democratic State, as it enters today into new and untried activities and innumerable forms of welfare, develops a strong totalitarian potential. That alone is sufficient reason for making his terrifying book required reading for every American. But the essence of the democratic State is not, as Jouvenel would have it, "Power" or "Command." It is true that officials easily acquire the taste to command, and to cut loose from being commanded. It is true that power tends to corrupt, and that counterweights and firm limitations upon the State's powers are needed. But the essence of democracy is that it regards the State as a servant of society and not its master, that however many functions the State assumes, society still remains enormously more extensive than the State, and the State, however expanded, still but one of the organizations and one of the instruments of society. The party struggle, which so frightens and repels Jouvenel, is a symptomatic test of democracy. As

long as there is freedom to organize parties, to propose rival men and rival measures, as long as there is a conflict of interests, organizations, lobbies, pressure-groups, each seeking to influence the State and enforce its will in one or another particular (another spectacle which repels Mr. Jouvenel), so long there is no total State. As long as there is free trade in ideas, clash of opinions, freedom of opposition, freedom of criticism, freedom of press (yes, M. Jouvenel, unfortunately, but necessarily, including the freedom to be "irresponsible"), so long you will know that the expanding State has not coordinated and reduced to transmission belts the various organizations meant to lead a life independent of it, and even to influence and to coerce it.

What constitutes democracy in the Anglo-American sense of the word (we will not argue the French for lack of space) is — (1) the existence of a society that is wider than the sphere of action of the State; (2) the setting of definite limitations upon the powers of the State (our Bill of Rights characteristically begins: "Congress shall make no law respecting . . ."); (3) the existence of recourse within the State itself against arbitrary acts of officials (*habeas corpus*, rules on search and seizure, on due process of law, on punishment for false arrest — only yesterday a

stubborn judge rightly compelled the FBI to produce its secret papers on Judith Coplon or drop the case against her!); (4) the presence of opposition as a right, and even as a fundamental and constructive element of government, with the consequent presence of the spirit of discussion and compromise, of give and take, and of accountability to the electorate, which is the essence of parliamentarism; (5) the right of the people to turn out the government of which they disapprove. . . .

That is not all, but that is enough to make clear the differences between the total State dictatorship and the limited democratic State, even under the difficult conditions of modern war and expanding Statehood, of which M. Jouvenel does right to warn us. But M. Jouvenel, having wrongly reduced democracy to a dangerous fiction and a sort of Siamese twin of totalitarianism, and having missed the essence of the two forms between which our real choice lies at this juncture of history, can give no further guidance beyond admonition. That is not to say that I think our democracy is secure and safe, or that all is well with it. But that would be a subject for another article. We shall have to close this one by a few words from Judge William H. Hastie: "Democracy is a process, not a static condition; it is becoming, rather than

being; it can easily be lost but never fully won; its essence is eternal struggle."

Which means that, in our time of revolution and of entrance into new

and untried activities, we shall have to plan for the continuance of freedom even as we plan for abundance, or in the end, we shall lose both of them.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

I have so little to say
To light your way.
Many thoughts I once thought sound
Are now false or moribund.
But I must prattle a while
To keep in academic style.

No pomp and acclaim
Can erase the shame
Of a tarnished heart.
It's dirty to be smart.

Trust only unbought things,
Men with quiet eyes
And women with open faces.

God's mercy
Is the one certainty.

Strive only for love
And learn its graces.
It is the only verity
In all eternity.

THE CHECK LIST



BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, by Ralph L. Rusk. \$6.00. *Scribners*. This is a big book and a good one. It is, indeed, the best biographical study of Emerson that has yet been done. Dr. Rusk, who is a life-long student of Emerson, has unearthed much new material and has something fresh to say on almost every aspect of Emerson—as essayist, poet, philosopher, theologian, and lecturer. Dr. Rusk is a biographer rather than a critic, and hence his ventures into critical analysis are not too happy. He is also a rather prosaic writer. Nevertheless, his volume is a monument of scholarship, and will probably be a standard work on the subject for years.

STALIN, *A Political Biography*, by Isaac Deutscher. \$5.00. *Oxford*. This massive 600-page volume by the Russian expert of the *London Economist* is the only biography of Stalin that covers the years up to the postwar period, and as such, it should be of general interest. Mr. Deutscher has obviously immersed himself in Staliniana as deeply as any other writers; but biographers of the Soviet

dictator have to be detectives as well as researchers, and on this score there seem to be some serious deficiencies. Although he is anti-Communist, the author has accepted some of the Soviet sacred writings on Stalin at face value. He has also glided over some of the most controversial episodes in Soviet history (e.g., Stalin's rôle in the Revolution, the Kirov murder, the purge trials) without offering much real evidence for his versions. Well worth reading, however.

O. HENRY, *The Man and His Work*, by E. Hudson Long. \$2.75. *Pennsylvania*. Mr. Long contributes very little that is really new to our knowledge of O. Henry's life, and his attempts at criticism are not too brilliant. But his book is probably the best available brief study of the great New York short-story writer.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, *The Ariel of Music*, by Robert Haven Schauffler. \$5.00. *Putnam*. Mr. Schauffler is a good biographer and a good musician, and his latest book on Schubert is as good as his previous ones on Beethoven, Brahms and Schumann. He has unearthed some

new material about Schubert's life, particularly his love affairs and his general personality. It seems that Schubert was far from being the melancholy musician of legend. He could be carefree and merry with the most carefree and merriest of his companions. Mr. Schaufli's analysis of Schubert's music, which occupies approximately one half of the present volume, is judicious and occasionally very penetrating. At the end are a glossary, index of compositions, and a good general index. In addition, there are photographs and musical illustrations throughout the book.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

LOST PEACE IN CHINA, by George Moorad. \$3.00. *Dutton*. A lively and incisive report on the period in Chinese history between Japan's defeat and the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek. The late Mr. Moorad was in China during much of this period, and he was one of the few correspondents in Manchuria when that region was taken over by the Soviet Army. His account of Anglo-American ineptitude, Nationalist corruption and Communist duplicity, makes sobering reading.

TURKEY: AN ECONOMIC APPRAISAL, by Max Weston Thornburg, Graham Spry & George Soule. \$3.50. *Twentieth Century Fund*. It was high time Americans were given a look at the economy of modern Turkey, to the support of which they have contributed so many dollars. This expert survey makes clear that, although Turkey's cities wear a Western air, her 40,000 villages

live pretty much as they did a millennium ago. How can the gulf between the ox-cart and the jet plane be bridged? Nominal democracy, the authors urge, should be made actual, and business must strike off its governmental fetters. Then, with American capital and know-how, living standards can be raised. A valuable statistical updating, even if the blueprint seems overly utopian.

LAST CALL FOR COMMON SENSE, by James P. Warburg. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Mr. Warburg's latest volume, his thirteenth, finds him still calling for an international organization with power to keep the peace, and still berating our State Department for making it so hard for Russia to cooperate with us. Most of the book is composed of previously published screeds and manifestoes on various aspects of world politics, and some of it has been outdated by recent events. Perhaps the weirdest entry in the collection is a report on Czechoslovakia, written by Mr. Warburg two years ago, and intended to prove that the country was not a Soviet satellite.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE DEVELOPMENT OF EDUCATION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Adolph E. Meyer. \$6.45. *Prentice-Hall*. This is a completely revised edition of a book originally published fifteen years ago and now pretty much of a standard reference work. It is amazing how thorough and detailed a job Dr. Meyer, who is Professor of Education at New York University, has done within the space of less than 600 pages.

There is probably not an educator or an educational problem of any importance whatever in this century that is not discussed here with fairness and intelligence. A good bibliography and index round out a very able work.

THE WESTERN RESERVE, by Harlan Hatcher. \$4.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. The visitor passing through central Ohio is sometimes startled to stumble on church steeples and colonial homes that look as though they belong to New England. In a sense, they do. They stand in the Western Reserve, a 120-mile strip of Ohio granted to the state of Connecticut in 1786 and settled by some of its hardier colonists. Today the Reserve is a kind of *rus in urbe*, in which the Yankee character has survived as durably as its steeples. Mr. Hatcher has dug deep in this history of the area, and his book should be the definitive word on this strange experiment in transplantation.

FICTION

BAXTER BERNSTEIN, by Stephen Seley. \$3.00. *Scribners*. Mr. Seley ironically calls his Baxter Bernstein "a hero of sorts," but the description is overly flattering. Bernstein, an embittered liberal, sits out the war in Mexico, railing against mankind in some of the most kinetic prose since Celine. Words tumble from Mr. Seley's typewriter like curses from a cocotte. His pages sparkle with poetry or reek of decay. Bernstein himself, oscillating between debauchery and self-pity, is hardly an adequate vehicle for Mr. Seley's enormous talent and genuinely cinematic imagination.

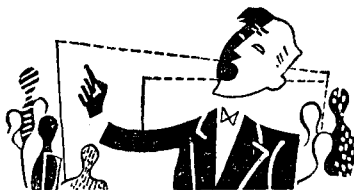
AUTUMN SUNSET, by Ralph Marcus. \$3.00. *The Free Press*. Mr. Marcus' inability to create a character or tell a story has not deterred him from writing a novel, but these deficiencies will doubtless influence his readers against traveling beyond the first few chapters. Just why this talky, uneventful book about an English professor, a labor leader, and a couple of girls, was ever published is another of those minor mysteries of the publishing industry.

MISCELLANEOUS

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT, *Gandhi & the Way to Peace*, by Vincent Sheean. \$3.75. *Random House*. This remarkable volume was conceived as a tribute to Gandhi, but essentially it is another of those personal testaments which Mr. Sheean has been spasmodically loosing on the public for some twenty years. It marks his repudiation of that old devil, Western materialism, and his slightly ecstatic conversion to the *Upanishads*. To appreciate fully what has happened to Mr. Sheean, it is necessary to cut through a lot of thick Hindu metaphysics, and despite his literary graces, it is a hard pull.

ELMTOWN'S YOUTH, by A. B. Hollingshead. \$5.00. *Wiley*. Professor Hollingshead, who worked with Alfred E. Kinsey on *the Report*, here turns his attention to the relation between the means and mores of 735 boys and girls in a small Midwestern community. (Elmtown is not its real name.) His conclusion, that behavior and social status are closely related, will come as no surprise to more empirical observers.

THE OPEN FORUM



MEN — OUR MOST VALUABLE ASSET

SIR: Being a woman, I have followed with understandable concern the Yale-Harvard Round Table on how to deal with the female surplus. In May, Dr. Linton of Yale presented an excellent case for polygyny in the *MERCURY* [see "The Case for Polygyny"], and it must be admitted that the solution harmonized beautifully with the time of year.

However, the July *MERCURY* finds Mr. C. Phillips Morton of Harvard in a more quiescent mood. [See "The Open Forum."] He would take care of the problem by means of female infanticide and temple prostitution. Both courses have their points. But I am afraid that female infanticide also has its disadvantages. Would Mr. Morton be willing to take the risk of drowning a future Madame Curie or Eleanor Roosevelt, not to mention a Hedy Lamarr or Betty Grable? Temple prostitution would, of course, eliminate this risk. However, the majority of women may not possess the fine religious fervor requisite for such a calling.

I make bold to conclude that both Dr. Linton and Mr. Morton are offering

therapy rather than prevention. Why not examine the root of the matter? If the male is on the road to extinction, it is he who merits our attention. Polygyny, I fear, would merely hasten his end.

While we are awakening to the importance of conserving the land and other natural resources, we should not overlook men, our most valuable asset. Let us lose no time in organizing the Society for the Preservation of the Human Male. If the drive is properly launched by two or three able columnists and radio commentators, every woman will join. Imagine the slogans: Do you want Clark Gable to become a dodo? Save Sinatra from the dinosaurs! Soon no woman will dare nag or annoy a man for fear that her sisters will gang up on her. . . .

CATHERINE LEE CLAY

Santa Monica, Cal.

WHAT IS THE NEGRO PROBLEM?

SIR: George Schuyler's article, in your June issue ["Jim Crow in the North"], is interesting and bitterly amusing, but it is neither new nor helpful in its approach

to the problem of racial discrimination.

We have heard and read the Negro point of view repeatedly in the last few years, apparently to little avail, and I believe the *MERCURY* would be doing a more valuable service to both races if it published material which analyzed the Caucasian point of view. This, after all, is really the cause of the problem.

A careful study may quite probably reveal that at the base of the white man's persecution of his black brother is a natural and primitive fear, and if those who would improve the lot of the Negro can work to remove or alleviate it, they may gain much more than they would by quarreling (though Heaven knows they cannot be blamed!) for laws and enforcement of civil rights.

ELIZABETH HATCH

Redvale, Col.

SIR: The article in your June issue entitled "Jim Crow in the North" [by George S. Schuyler] prompts me to ask two questions.

(1) Why doesn't the Negro establish his own stores, hotels, laundries, and various shops?

(2) Why doesn't the Negro develop an environment of his own and not depend on the white man?

Until the Negro has had his own voyage of the *Mayflower*, so to speak, until he has felled the forest, broken the prairies, subdued primitive nature under his own initiative, and built a strong, virile nation unaided and alone, he will not be secure in his progress.

ROBERT C. BARNETT

Jefferson City, Mo.

COLOR AND CHARACTER

SIR: Horace Reynolds' article on "Uncle Sam's Sayings" in the May *MERCURY* brings to mind another phase of the way we use the English language. . . .

If a man is known to be a Red we fear that he might be a dangerous character. If pink he would be a stooge and lackey for someone; if yellow he would be a coward and likely to be easily tempted by even less than thirty pieces of silver. If he is blue he is a gloomy pessimist likely to jump off a bridge and if green he is a bungling gawk.

F. T. CRANE

Upper Montclair, N. J.

VASSAR WIVES AND MOTHERS

SIR: I was glad to read in the July *MERCURY* that the authorities at Vassar are now encouraging their sweet young charges in the idea that there is nothing wrong with being wives and mothers, and that the college is even giving courses which will presumably help them along this road. [See "The New Look at Vassar," by Caroline Bird.] My own experience with Vassar girls — and I do not claim to be the greatest authority in the world on this subject — is that Vassar has a lot of teaching to do before it can hope to get results. Vassar girls I have known always wanted to be advertising executives, or actresses, or writers, or they wanted to fly the Pacific upside down. Statistics on graduates of girls' colleges always show the same thing: that fewer of them become wives



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and mothers than is the case with other girls. I don't intend to send my little girl to college at all.

JESSE MORIARTY

Schenectady, N. Y.

HOME IS THE TRAVELER

SIR: In his illuminating profile of President Weizmann in the July *MERCURY*, Gerold Frank makes the point that Weizmann is probably the only President who has a complete wardrobe of clothes awaiting him in most world capitals. This is correct, but your readers will be sorry to learn that these suits are unlikely ever to be used by their owner again.

The South African novelist, Sarah Gertrude Millin, called on Weizmann recently with an invitation to come to South Africa on a visit to his old friend, Field Marshal Jan Smuts. The President regretfully declined. His doctors, he said, had warned him he must not travel again. His trip to the United States last spring was the last in his lifetime of journeying.

HENRY VAN MALTZAN

New York City

FREISTADT AND FREEDOM

SIR: One thing that emerges clearly from Hans Freistadt's handling of the Press in the August *MERCURY* is the political maturity of this young Communist by the side of our jazz-mad, sport-happy youth.

As a Marxist, Freistadt naturally understands the basic processes of history in a way our dizzy kids are incapable of comprehending. Even the reporters who questioned him seemed politically juve-

nile with their emphasis on the so-called "right to dissent" in Soviet Russia. Of course (as Freistadt patiently tried to explain) you can dissent in Russia, if you wish. What so many Americans seem unable to grasp is the simple fact that, if Russians don't dissent, it's not because they can't, but because they live in an advanced society where they don't need to.

ALFRED KORNER

Los Angeles, Cal.

FOXY GRANDPA

SIR: As a British subject, I was much grieved to see the unflattering caricature of Prime Minister Attlee on the cover of the August *MERCURY*. The caricature, by Al Hirschfeld, portrays Mr. Attlee as some sort of scheming, sly, foxy grandpa.

Surely it does not advance the cause of international harmony to run caricatures of this nature in the American press. How would the *MERCURY* editors feel if Mr. Truman's features were distorted on the covers of British publications?

WILSON R. HARBERRY

Atlantic City, N. J.

[They would take it pretty much in stride. — THE EDITORS]

MORE ON MRS. ROOSEVELT

SIR: This is to offer belated congratulations to John Reddy and the *MERCURY* for the article, "Eleanor Roosevelt: First Lady of the World," which appeared in the June issue. The article gave me a renewed appreciation of the woman's greatness.

ESTELLE SIMPSON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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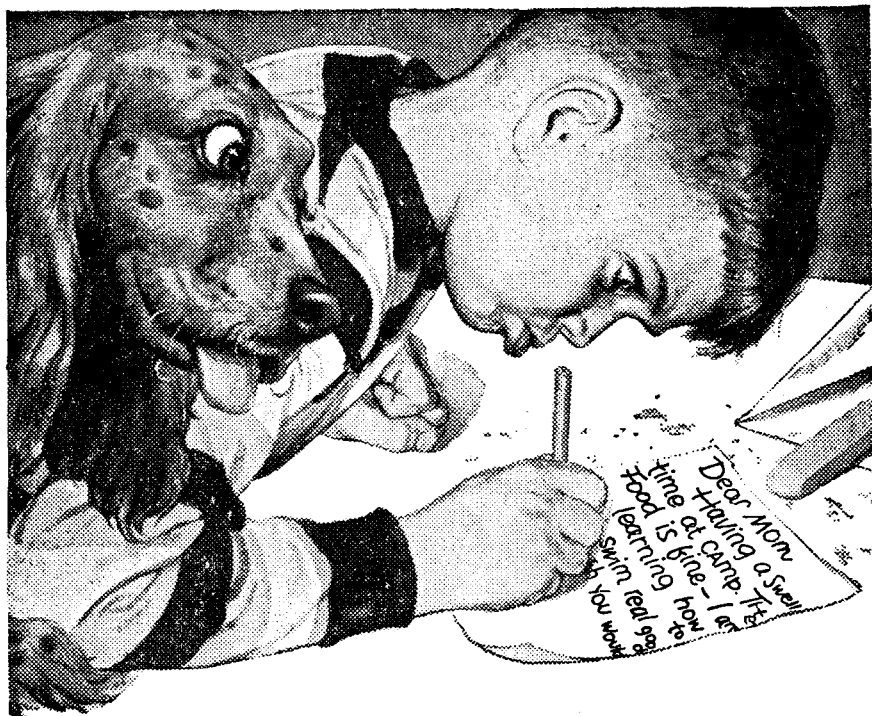
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